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THE STANDARD.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

HAVING been convened on an extraordinary occasion, as authorized by the Constitution, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation.

At the beginning of the present Presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal government were found to be generally suspended within the several States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, excepting only of the Post-Office Department.

Within these States, all the forts, arsenals, dock-yards, custom houses, and the like, including the movable and stationary property in and about them, had been seized, and were held in open hostility to this government, excepting only Forts Pickens, Taylor, and Jefferson, on and near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina. The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition; new ones had been built, and armed forces had been organized, and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose.

The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal government in and near these States were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter was nearly surrounded by well-protected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own, and outnumbering the latter as perhaps ten to one. A disproportionate share of the Federal muskets and rifles had somehow found their way into these States, and had been seized to be used against the government.

Accumulations of the public revenue, lying within them, had been seized for the same object. The Navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very small part of it within the immediate reach of the government.

Officers of the Federal army had resigned in great numbers, and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the government. Simultaneously, and in common with all this, the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed.

In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of these States, declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined government of those States had been promulgated, and this illegal organization, in the character of the "Confederate States," was already invoking recognition, aid, and intervention from foreign Powers.

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made, and was declared in the inaugural address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion, and the ballot-box; it promised a continuance of the mails, at government expense, to the very people who were resisting the government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbances to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was forborne, without which it was believed possible to keep the government on foot.

On the 5th of March, the present incumbent's first full day in office, a letter from Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Sumter, written on the 28th of February, and received at the War Department on the 4th of March, was by that Department placed in his hands.

This letter expresses the professional opinion of the writer, that reënforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief, rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same, with a force of less than 20,000 good and well disciplined men.

This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command, and their memoranda on the subject were made inclosures of Major Anderson's letter. The whole was immediately laid before Lieutenant-General Scott, who at once concurred with Major Anderson in his opinion.

On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers, both of the Army and the Navy, and at the end of four days came reluctantly but decidedly to the same conclusion as before. He also stated, at the same time, that no such sufficient force was then at the control of the government, or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when provisions in the fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view, this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated.

This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and, ere it would be reached, Fort Pickens might be reënforced. This last would be a clear indication of policy, and would enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military necessity. An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship Brooklyn into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and slower route by sea.

The first return news from the order was received just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter. The news itself was that the officer commanding the Sabine, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the Brooklyn, acting upon some *quasi* armistice of the late Administration (and of the existence of which the present Administration, up to the time the order was dispatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention), had refused to land the troops. To now reënforce Fort Pickens, before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter, was impossible, rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter-named fort.

In precaution against such a conjuncture, the government had, a few days before, commenced preparing an expedition, as well adapted as might be, to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used or not, according to current circumstances. The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. As had been intended, in this contingency it was also resolved to notify the Governor of South Carolina that he might expect an attempt would be made to provision the fort, and that if the attempt should not be resisted, there would be no attempt to throw in men arms, or ammunition, without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given, whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon, and reduction of, Fort Sumter, was in no sense a matter of self-defence on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could, by no possibility, commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more.

They knew that this government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution; trusting, as herein before stated, to time, discussion and the ballot-box for final adjustment, and they assailed and reduced the fort, for precisely the reverse object, to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union and thus force it to immediate dissolution. That this was their object, the Executive well understood, and having said to them in the Inaugural Address: "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so far from the power of ingenious sophistry as that the world should not be able to misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby the assailants of the government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort sent to that harbor years before, for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful. In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue: "Immediate dissolution or blood." And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy, a government of the people, by the same people, can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the Administration according to the organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretences made in this case or any other pretences, or arbitrarily without any pretence, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask, "Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness?" "Must a government, of necessity, be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?"

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the government, and so to resist force, employed for its destruction, by force, for its preservation. The call was made, and the response of the country was most gratifying, surpassing in unanimity and spirit the most sanguine expectations. Yet, none of the States commonly called slave States, except Delaware, gave a regiment through regular State organization. A few regiments have been organized within some others of those States by individual enterprise and received into the government service.

Of course, the seceded States, so-called (and to which Texas had been joined about the time of the inauguration), gave no troops to the cause of the Union. The border States, so-called, were not uniform in their action, some of them being almost *for* the Union, while in others—as Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas—the Union sentiment was nearly repressed and silenced. The course taken in Virginia was the most remarkable, perhaps the most important.

A Convention, elected by the people of that State to consider this very question of disrupting the Federal Union, was in session at the capital of Virginia when Fort Sumter fell. To this body the people had chosen a large majority of professed Union men. Almost immediately after the fall of Sumter, many members of that majority went over to the original Disunion minority, and with them adopted an ordinance for withdrawing the State from the Union.

Whether this change was wrought by their great approval of the assault upon Sumter, or their great resentment at the government's resistance to that assault, is not definitely known. Although they submitted the ordinance for ratification to a vote of the people, to be taken on a day then somewhat more than a month distant the Convention, and the Legislature (which was also in session at the same time and place), with leading men of the State, not members of either, immediately commenced acting as if the State were already out of the Union.

They pushed military preparations vigorously forward all over the State. They seized the United States Armory at Harper's Ferry, and the Navy Yard at Gosport, near Norfolk. They received, perhaps invited, into their State large bodies of troops with their warlike appointments from the so-called seceded States. They formally entered into a treaty of temporary alliance with the so-called Confederate States, and sent members to their Congress at Montgomery. And finally they permitted the insurrectionary government to be transferred to their Capital at Richmond.

The people of Virginia have thus allowed this giant insurrection to make its nest within her borders, and this government has no choice left but to deal with it where it finds it. And it has the less regret, as the loyal citizens have in due form claimed its protection. Those loyal citizens this government is bound to recognize and protect as being Virginia. In the border States, so-called, in fact the Middle States, there are those who favor a policy which they call "an armed neutrality": that is, an arming of those States to prevent the Union forces passing one way, or the Disunion the other, over their soil. This would be disunion completed.

Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation, and yet not quite an impassable one, for, under the guise of neutrality, it would tie the hands of the Union men, and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do as an open enemy. At a stroke, it would take all the trouble off the hands of Secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade.

It would do for the Disunionists that which, of all things, they most desire—feed them well, and give them disunion without a struggle of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution, no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is, nevertheless, very injurious in effect.

Recurring to the action of the government, it may be stated that, at first, a call was made for 75,000 militia; and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal.

At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering.

Other calls were made for volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the regular army and navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them.

It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress. Soon after the first call for militia, it was considered a duty to authorize the Commanding-General, in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who has sworn to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" should not himself violate them. Of course, some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted upon. The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty, that, practically, it relieves more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated? To state the question more directly, are all the laws but one to go unexecuted and the government itself go to pieces, lest that one be violated?

Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken, if the government should be overthrown when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," is equivalent to a provision—is a provision—that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety *does* require it.

It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ, which was authorized to be made. Now, it is insisted that Congress, and not the Executive, is vested with this power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power, and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that, in every case, the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion. No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion, at some length, will probably be presented by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation on the subject, and if any, what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of this government had been so extraordinary and so long continued, as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable. While this, on discovery, gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War and Navy, will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the Departments will stand ready to supply omissions, or to communicate new facts, considered important for you to know.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the government, for the work, at least 400,000 men and $400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages, within the regions where, apparently, all are willing to engage; and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money-value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of $600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution, when we came out of that struggle, and the money-value in the country bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency. One of the greatest perplexities of the government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their government, if the government itself will do its part only indifferently well. It might seem at first thought to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called secession or rebellion. The movers, however, well understand the difference.

At the beginning they knew that they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies *violation* of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents, to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is, that any State of the Union may, consistently with the nation's Constitution, and, therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union, without the consent of the Union, or of any other State.

The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice. With rebellion thus sugar-coated they have been drugging the people of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the government the day *after* some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretense of taking their State out of the Union, who could be brought to no such thing the day *before*.

This sophism deserves much, perhaps the whole, of its currency from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a *State*—to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a State *out* of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even *before* they cast off their British colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated as a State.

The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the "United Colonies" were declared to be free and independent States; but even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of *one another*, or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time, and afterwards, abundantly show. The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen, in the articles of confederation two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual, is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in substance or in name, *outside* of the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of State Rights, asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the sovereignty of the States, but the word even is not in the National Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions.

What is a sovereignty, in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it, "A political community without a political superior"? Tested by, this no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty. And even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be, for her, the supreme law of the land. The States have their *status* IN the Union, and they have no other legal *status*. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution.

The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union. Of course, it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their Constitutions before they entered the Union; nevertheless, dependent upon, and preparatory to, coming into the Union. Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution, but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the government itself had never been known as a governmental—as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of *generality* and *locality*. Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the general government; while whatever concerns *only* the State should be left exclusively to the State.

This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy, is not to be questioned. We are all bound by that defining, without question. What is now combatted is the position that Secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave, and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums (in the aggregate, I believe, nearly a hundred millions) to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes.

Is it just that she shall now be off without consent or without making any return? The nation is now in doubt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called seceding States, in common with the rest. Is it just either that creditors shall go unpaid, or the remaining States pay the whole? A part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave and pay no part of this herself? Again, if one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognize this doctrine by allowing the seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They have assumed to make a National Constitution of their own, in which, of necessity, they have either discarded or retained the right of secession, as, they insist, it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that, on principle, it ought not to be in ours; if they have retained it, by their own construction of ours they show that, to be consistent, they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts, or effecting any other selfish or unjust object.

The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no government can possibly endure. If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the [illegible] seceder politicians would at once deny the power and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called driving the one out, should be called the seceding of the others from that one, it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do.

These politicians are subtle and profound in the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution, and speaks from the preamble, calling itself "We, the people." It may well be questioned whether there is to-day a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one, of the so-called Seceded States.

The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee, for the result of an election, held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once *for* the Union, and *against* coercion, would be coerced to vote against the Union.

It may be affirmed without extravagance, that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and impressive illustration. So large an army as the government has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it but who had taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this: there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries, in this contest; but if it is, so much better the reason why the government which has conferred such benefits on both them and us, should not be broken up. Whoever in any section proposes to abandon such a government would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people.

There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence, in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words, "all men are created equal." Why? They have adopted a temporary National Constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit "we, the people," and substitute "we, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. Yielding to partial and temporary departures, from necessity, this is the leading object of the government for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note, that while in this, the government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with offices have resigned, and proved false to the hand which pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor, and the most important fact of all, is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors.

To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand, without an argument, that the destroying the government which was made by Washington means no good to them. Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have settled, the successful *establishing* and the successful *administering* of it. One still remains. Its successful *maintenance* against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election neither, can they take it by a war; teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the government towards the Southern States *after* the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say, it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal government, relatively to the rights of the States and the people, under the Constitution, than that expressed in the Inaugural Address. He desires to preserve the government, that it may be administered for all, as it was administered by the men who made it.

Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of their government, and the government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion, any conquest, or any subjugation, in any just sense of these terms.

The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of government." But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so, it may also discard the Republican form of government, so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable means to the end of maintaining the guaranty mentioned, and when an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the government forced upon him; he could but perform this duty, or surrender the existence of the government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure; not that compromises are not often proper; but that no popular government can long survive a marked precedent, that those who carry an election can only save the government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen, the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish; much less could he in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him. He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow.

In full view of his great responsibility, he has, so far, done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your actions may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and laws. And, having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

July 4, 1861. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE YANKEE SOLDIERS.

[Extract of a Sermon, preached by Rev. George H. Hepworth of Boston, after visiting the camps around Washington:]

I HAVE taken great pains to study the character of those of our troops which are in actual service. It has been my peculiar privilege during the last four days to come into familiar contact with many thousands of the men, taken from all ranks of society, who have gone to the field of battle. I have seen them under nearly all the different circumstances to which a soldier is subject, and I am free to say that never in my life have I passed through such a series of surprises. I do not believe the whole world can show such another army, so remarkable in every respect. And when you remember that they are the legitimate product of Northern institutions, that they are the graduates of our free schools, the result of those impulses which are generated by a Republican government, the land we live in is double endeared, and the sacrifices we are making are made with a more willing spirit.

The first thing that attracted my attention was the versatile ability of the men. It showed plainly enough that it is not a mere hireling band that is to write the next page of history. There are other motives than those which come from money at work in their hearts, and therein lies the secret of our power.

It was more than curiosity, then, that led me to ask, Who and what are these men? It was a desire to know whether the war was to be decided by opposing brute to brute. It was my desire to know whether, under any circumstances, the conscientious men of our New England villages, the members of country and city Churches, who have never before handled a musket, who have kept the even tenor of their peaceful way; who really are the class which best tests the value of our democratic government, could leave desirable things at home, and suffer the privations and dangers of a campaign for the sake of this great idea of liberty. It was my desire to know from personal observation what kind of stuff republican warriors are made of. And my answer was such as to fill me not only with confidence, but even with a kind of reverence. There is hardly a single regiment in the field that would not make a perfect colony. Transfer from the soil of Virginia or Maryland any Colonel's command to a barren island in the Pacific, and it would contain within itself all the ability needed to supply its own entire circle of necessities; it would cut its own timber, erect its saw-mill, and build its houses. It could take the iron ore from the mountains, make its own waggons for transportation, build its own furnaces for melting and pounding, and convert the rough material into any shape in which it might be needed. Having called into existence a thousand cottages, as well proportioned as those which grace our New England hills, it would then commence a navy. The hull of its vessels should be made by men who have worked all their lives at the trade; the sails should be woven from the rough material just plucked from the stalk, and cut, and made, and bent to the spars as nicely as though it were all done here rather than there. And, when completed, the vessels should be manned and officered by those who have weathered Cape Horn a dozen times, and who have guided their craft through the monsoons and typhoons of the Indian seas.

And this done, our little village, containing a thousand souls, should be studded with sign-boards, telling of the doctor, the lawyer, the joiner, the dealer in native and foreign products, and the machinist; and withal it should have its own paper manufactory, and if it could find no other material, it would make its paper out of the cast-off soldier garments, and its printing-press, its editor, and even an artist to illustrate and immortalize.

These facts show where our soldiers come from. They are not, as we have been told, happily by the ignorant, the dregs of society; they are not those who have been discomfited by the police, whose trade is better pursued in the night than in the daytime; but they have come from the great body of the working classes. This war, at least, has not been a sewer to drain the overstocked city of its human filth. They are your neighbors, men of integrity and worth. They are those whose families live just in the rear of your handsome dwelling, and they are in very many instances officered by men who are your equals in everything. I do not speak of those companies which are exceptional, which come from wealth and high position, nor of those, which are also exceptional, which have come from those classes which furnish most of our criminals. The great body of our men come from those honest, and more or less thrifty millions, who really carry on all the machinery of society. They are sturdy, muscular, true, and enthusiastic. We need no other sight than that which these troops present, to prove the value of our national experiment. The world cannot show men of the same social grade, so generous, gentlemanly, and withal so noble. We may well speak of them with pride.

This sufficiently answers the question, Who are they who have gone to fight for us? We next turn to ask, What are they?

They are men who can read, and write, and think. The general intelligence which I everywhere met, and it was an intelligence which bore directly on the matters at issue between the two sections of country, was the cause of deep gratitude. The army is but a section of the people. That is the secret. For years they have been discussing, in their own way, the problems that are now to be settled by the point of the sword. They sympathize intellectually with the contest. They are there not only to defend an idea of the Administration, but to fight for an idea of their own. They are there not merely as animals who consider those opposed to them their enemies because they stand defiantly fronting them on the battle-field; they are soldiers in a far higher sense than this. They are men with brains as well as muskets, and they have gone from a sense of duty, moved by a natural chivalry, to fight for right and not for money.

And what is better than all, they are men who seek to understand the sad experience through which the country is passing, who have nothing of the military braggadocia about them. One of them said to me—it was a sentence which I could not forget, so significant was it—"Our boys all wish that this thing might be settled without blood, but if we must fight, somebody is going to be killed." So long as that feeling pervades our army, we need fear no enemy. There is no revenge expressed there; no desire for plunder, only a calm, determined resistance to wrongs. Their camps are pitched by the very edge of fields newly planted, under the very eyes of houses containing those whose sympathies are against us, and yet no insult is offered in word or act, and so conscious were these very families of the difference between Northern and Southern troops, that resident gentlemen have freely said they would rather trust their grounds to Federal soldiers. There speaks the power of our republican institutions which infuse through all ranks of society that thoughtfulness which brings to the surface all the generosity and nobleness of human nature. There speaks the influence of our free schools. Northern society, the legitimate product of Northern principles, scrupulously respecting the rights of an enemy, is brought face to face with Southern society, the legitimate product of Southern principles, making war in true barbarian fashion, by pressing men into their service, by filling the waters with pirate craft, by hanging those who are unpopular, by wantonly destroying property. Every man in our army has noted this contrast, and has a personal pride in the noble position of the North.

In truth, brethren, your soldiers are strange men. There may be a great deal that is rough in them, but there is also much that is true and honest. History does not tell of many battles in which they who fought had discussed from every point of view the thing fought for. We know that in many of the religious wars of the past, the men were constantly invoking the blessing of God, but the instances are few in which thoughtful men, from one end of the country to another, have rushed to the protection of a political idea, and freely offered their fortunes and their lives for its sake. Yet so it is with us. It may be that were our country cut in halves those who get their living by the sweat of their brows would suffer in no way. There would be work enough, bread enough, and perchance happiness enough. He knows this himself. But he has been born with a real puritan sense of right, he has a Saxon estimate of it, and it pushes him to such enthusiasm that he gives up everything for its sake. The rebel is to him not merely a breaker of civil law, but he is an intriguer, a wrong doer, an oppressor. Here is the difference between the two bodies of men; the one says, give me what I want, and the other says, give me what I ought to have.

There will be as little demoralization connected with the war as is possible with any war. Never have I in my life witnessed such a great tide of feeling, approaching the highest patriotism, as I have seen among those who have gone from our midst. I do not believe that a soldier there is subjected to one-half the temptations which beset him here. I do believe that many of our men have shown more manliness since they left the State than their comrades thought them capable of. And I am very sure that in a common Massachusetts muster, lasting but three days, there is more intoxication and more crime than there has been in any regiment of volunteers in the last six weeks. These facts, and my own observation—for I have pursued this part of my investigation with some degree of care—lead me to believe that the demoralizing influences are fewer in number than might be expected.

Brethren, I am glad to be able to make this report, for I know the interest you all take in these things. I went among the soldiers freely, conversing with them in the most familiar way, in the hope of finding out their actual condition. I do not mean that my object was to discover the amount of their clothing, or the quality of their food; these were but the incidents of my journey. But I went as a minister, one who feels that what we are doing is the only thing to be done, and I desired to know for myself what kind of men, spiritually and intellectually, we have sent away. And I confess to being moved as I have seldom been when sitting at my table in Washington to see a whole regiment standing at their morning meal with hats off, and heads bent, while the commander looked up to heaven and asked a blessing. I felt that the office of chaplain was a mere sinecure. I was sure that the right element was in the officers and in the men. I felt that we at home could trust such men to fight our battles for us. They are not brutes, they are not the dogs of society, they are your brethren and mine, who have gone of their own accord, and who in going, have simply performed their duty. Who comes to conquer them must first have at home better schools than ours, and better churches and more elevating influences than those which give an impulse to all classes of society here.

GEORGE THOMPSON ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

From The Newcastle (Eng.) Express, June 19.

LAST night, in Bath Lane Church, Mr. George Thompson delivered to a numerous audience a lecture on the present state of affairs in America, with reference to the abolition of slavery. The Rev. J. H. Rutherford occupied the chair, and briefly introduced the lecturer.

Mr. Thompson commenced his discourse by contrasting the influential aspect of slavery six months ago with its present tottering position. The civil war which now threatened to deluge the States with blood was, he said, entirely attributable to the existence of slavery. Slavery had always separated the interests of the slave States from those of the free States, and made them radically diverse and antagonistic. Among other points of difference, he noted that the North had always loved the Union, whereas the South had valued the Union only as the means of accomplishing her own plans. The North had for many years given countenance to slavery with a view to propitiate the South, and thereby preserve the Union; and the North would have continued in this course for years to come but for the South. It was the South that had cast off the North, and it was for the sake of slavery that the South had carried the plowshare of division through the Union. The pretext put forth for secession was the election of Mr. Lincoln by the votes of a majority in the free States; but the anti-slavery of Mr. Lincoln and the party that supported him went no further than this: that there should be no more slave territory. That was enough for the South. He was not the nominee of the slaveholders, the pro-slavery party had been defeated, and the South resolved to secede. The plot developed by the events of the last three months was one that had been in the course of concoction for the last thirty years. It was hatched in the brain of the great South Carolinian nullifier, Mr. Calhoun. The cotton States had been cherishing for many years a grand scheme of independence, wealth, power, extension, and empire. A revival of the African slave trade, which would not have been practicable under the Federal government, was always a part of the secession scheme. In brief, the objects and intentions of the South were to found a great slaveholding power, based on the declared principle of the inherent rightfulness of slavery. Mr. Thompson went on to contend that in affirming this principle the Southern Confederacy had rejected the great doctrine of the Declaration of Independence. But what, he proceeded to ask, were the specific objects which the Northern States proposed to themselves in the present struggle? They were the enforcement of the laws which the South had violated, the restoration of the Union which the South had rent asunder, the recovery of the forts, etc., which the South had seized, the reëstablishment of the Constitution which the South had overthrown, and the punishment of those who had plotted to effect the ruin of the great republic founded by Washington. The abolition of slavery was not one of the objects of the war, nor was it necessarily involved in the attainment of any or all of the objects avowed by the North. Nevertheless, the friends of freedom had a deep interest in the struggle. They knew the cause of the war, and could not contemplate without trembling anxiety the issue. The cause was slavery, the event might be emancipation (applause). In the result of the contest were bound up the hopes and destinies of those millions for whose liberty some of them had been pleading so long, and apparently in vain. To him it appeared that the abolition of slavery must inevitably flow from the continuance of the conflict, and for the following among other reasons. To bring about that result, the Abolitionists of every shade would unite, each in his own way. Their united efforts would be directed to giving the war an anti-slavery purpose. Again, outside the ranks of the Abolitionists, there was a vast body of intelligent and patriotic men, who regarded the extirpation of slavery as a political necessity, under existing circumstances, and looked to the present war as a providential necessity for getting rid of an evil, the removal of which, while the Southern States remained within the Union, they deemed hopeless. Then the friends of freedom looked to the military exigencies of the war, and saw in them a prospect of freedom for the slave population. The slaveholder boasted of the loyalty of their bondsmen, and the use they intended to put them to in the war, but those measures will probably lead, indeed had already led, to counter measures on the part of the Federal commanders, who would not only accept the the services of the 50,000 colored men at the North who were eager to be enlisted, but would also declare freedom to all the slaves at the South who would be willing to arrange themselves on the side of the Northern army. Further, whether or not the government accepted the aid of the free colored population, it would be certain to take an important part in the war when it had arrived at a more advanced stage, while there were pregnant reasons for expecting that the negroes now in bondage, left to themselves, would effect their emancipation. The lecturer went on to read extracts of private letters from the Southern States, in which a servile insurrection was spoken of as an inevitable concomitant of a prolonged struggle between the North and South. As to the result of the struggle, Mr. Thompson expressed a decided opinion that the victory will remain with the North. He could not, he added, believe that the North, having gone into the war, would come out of it without having achieved what alone would give it any redeeming character, and alone prove any atonement for the excesses, and miseries, and crimes which ever accompanied warfare, without having planted alongside the flag of the Union the flag of universal liberty. With regard to the duty of Englishmen in the present position of affairs, he said neutrality had been the policy of this country for years, and he trusted would be its policy forever; but it did not follow that the people of England should be restricted in the expression of their opinions, their sympathies, and their wishes. They could serve the anti-slavery cause in America by expressing their sympathy in its behalf, and addressing themselves to the people of the North, that they might be led to embrace the opportunity now offered of doing in a legal and constitutional way what they were precluded from doing before. Let them tell the North that the heaviest chastisement they desired to see them inflict on the South was not to butcher them and burn their dwellings, [illegible] liberty to the slave. Let them urge the North not to be content with merely recommending the Executive to aim at achieving the higher and better object of [illegible] four millions of men. Mr. Thompson concluded his lecture, which he [illegible] delivers, amid loud applause.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters containing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters relating to the business of the office, or relating in any way to the finances of the paper, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York."

THE CONTRABAND OF WAR.

What is to become of the slaves after this civil war is over? is a question which is beginning seriously to occupy the public mind. It is one that we Abolitionists are used to, inasmuch as it has been generally regarded as conclusive of the whole question. Because we could not lay down a scheme for the emancipation of the American slaves, which should be entirely satisfactory to the inquisitor, the impossibility of any such ever being devised was complacently taken for granted. As if it were any business of ours to arrange beforehand all the details, and to provide against all imaginable inconveniences, of such a stupendous change in human condition. Our appointed work is to proclaim the eternal necessity of the change being made, in order to bring the masters and slaves into relations of conformity to the eternal laws of God, knowing perfectly well that whenever this great truth was forced, in any way, upon the mind of the nation, the method of bringing it about, with all its details, would provide itself fast enough. The day when this question must be answered seems to be fast approaching, though the great ones of the land, civil and military, seem still to try and work it out of sight. In fact, the time has not yet come when they can, with due regard to constitutional proprieties, admit that the demand is indeed imperative. But it is at hand, even at the door, for all that.

Nobody can foretell the precise shape which the answer will take to itself. One man's opinion is just as good, and no better, as another man's. President Lincoln and General Scott know no more about it than the littlest of us all. Perhaps, even, in the strength of their desire that the question never may come up in a shape that shall compel an answer, those leaders of the people may not have as abundant elements for making up a judgment in the premises as some of us lesser ones. But it will not be long before the Slave will insist upon being recognized as a party in interest to this war, and they cannot refuse to acknowledge and consider his claims. Already he has been casting confusion into the camps, and has actually carried Fortress Monroe by storm, and made Gen. Butler prisoner. Gen. Patterson and Gen. McClellan have tried to exorcise the sable spectre, by proclaiming their readiness to put down a black insurrection in regions of the country in which such a one is just as much an impossibility as it is in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and Col. Burnside, of Rhode Island, has signalized the fervent heat of his pro-slavery zeal, by arresting and sending back to Maryland a couple of free men. But this is all because their eyes are not yet opened to the brightness of the day which is just dawning. Their eye-balls are not yet cleared of the mists and vapors and of the darkness of pro-slavery night in which they have so long dwelt. They see men as trees walking, and cannot discern that the negro is the master of the present situation, and that he is to be obeyed and respected accordingly. The loss of a few thousand men in battle—or, more effectual yet, by ambuscade and treachery—will have a potent effect upon their vision before long, and they will learn that it is no true strategy to aid and comfort their enemies where they are poorest, and to strengthen them where they are the weakest.

The question will turn rapidly from the Abstract into the Concrete as the armies advance into the enemy's country. Indeed, it has already done so, and has forced Gen. Butler to bring his Old Bailey ingenuity to bear upon it, and devise the excellent imagination of the Contraband of War, which was of such comfort to President and Cabinet. He still receives and employs as many slaves as choose to ask his protection. The story that he was overrun by them, and had put a stop to their coming, was an invention of the enemy. He employs them profitably, and could employ yet more if they should apply to him. But the time has actually arrived in that region of Virginia, which John Randolph saw in vision years ago, when the masters would run away from the slaves. The slaveholders have made their escape with their families from the country round about, leaving their farms and crops and negroes behind them. These last, finding themselves in possession of the corn and sweet potatoes and pigs and poultry, with no master or overseer to "hoss it over them," naturally prefer the perfect freedom of this new state of things to the regular work and rations which they would find awaiting them in the Fortress. But as the cold weather comes on, and the supplies grow short, they will knock in their turn at the gate, and demand their share of its shelter and relief—unless, indeed, what is not unlikely, the war shall have rolled away further towards the interior by that time. But, in this last case, the debatable land of masterless negroes, who would claim the protection of the American flag, would be growing broader and broader. The question of what was to be done with them after the war, would be assuming larger and larger proportions, with every march of our troops Southward. One answer to this question we are well assured the moral sense of the North, and its decent respect for the opinion of the rest of the civilized world, will never permit to be given. The slaves who have sought sanctuary under the Stars and Stripes, during the rebellion, can never be redelivered into bondage again. Their condition having ceased by the act of the masters themselves, and the nation having assumed their protection, their reduction again into slavery would be an enormity of treachery and baseness with which we do not think any public man would blacken his name and his memory by even suggesting.

What disposition should be made of these chattels, turned by the touch of the sword into human beings, is not for us to decide. The responsibility will rest upon the President and his Cabinet, and their conduct in the premises will be forever remembered to their glory or their shame. The political results of the war, whether it end in the utter reduction of the rebels, or in the recognition of their independence, will be of but slender historical consequence compared with the moral issues which will proceed forth from it, as to the future condition of the black nation, which the crime and complicity of the white nation has made an inhering thorn in its side. The simplest solution of the problem would seem to us the one that would commend itself to the wisdom of the Administration. The slaves in Fortress Monroe, and in the region round about, are free to-day by the necessary and natural operation of the war. They can be made slaves again only by the application of force by the United States; or by Virginia, with the permission of the United States. An infamy such as this is not a supposable one, even in the light of our past history. The natural proceeding on the part of the government would seem to be to recognize their right to freedom, and to remain, if they choose, upon their native soil, assuring them of national protection in their rights. The confiscation of the estates of notorious traitors would afford an opportunity to endow the ancient laborers of the soil with small holdings of it, and thus create a peasantry, the most necessary of creations for the development of Virginia. Should they prefer removing themselves to other parts of the country or to Hayti, or Jamaica, or Central America, or whithersoever it may like them best, the government might, with justice and propriety, give them facilities for transportation, and such moderate assistance as should give them a fair chance in their new homes. The nation would readily and cheerfully sustain the Administration in any such adjustment of the difficulty as this.

There is another possibility, though one which seems now to have ceased to be a probability, which would ensure, in our opinion, the instant abolition of slavery by proclamation, under the war-powers given by the Constitution. Should England, or France, or both, urged by the famine of cotton which threatens their industries, recognize the rebellious States, and undertake to force the blockade for the sake of securing their supplies, the first act of the government would be, as we believe, to proclaim liberty throughout the land, and settle the question of Cotton Supply, by the utter destruction of the crop. When we have seen Captain Montgomery, who was hunted by General Harney with his dragoons only about six months ago, made a Colonel under Joseph Lane, made a Brigadier-General, it would be no cause of astonishment if, in the case supposed, John Brown, Jr., should be landed where the cotton-belt touches the sea, with instructions to raise the slaves and to fire the cotton-fields as he marched. This would save a war with the European Powers, and give a final settlement to the vexation of slavery. When done, the details would all take care of themselves, and we should be amazed that we ever suffered ourselves to be perplexed by so simple a matter. The one thing which all Abolitionists, and all men having the true interests of their country and of civil liberty everywhere at heart, must make sure of, is, that no slave, once freed by the art of war, is ever reduced to slavery again. The government, of the necessity of its being, must be ready to do the behest of the nation in this as in every other regard. Our duty is, not to puzzle our brains as to how the thing is to be done—that may be safely left to itself—but to help create such a state of public sentiment at the North as to make its doing a certainty and a necessity, being assured that nothing but ultimate good can proceed from an act of right and justice.

EXPLANATORY NOTE FROM MRS. MOTT.

PHILADELPHIA, 7 mo. 6th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

RETURNING from our late journey, I observe in THE STANDARD of last week a notice, from the *Boston Bee*, of my discourse at the Music Hall. I am made there to endorse the war, and to "hope that it will be prosecuted with energy and faith," etc.

This does such injustice to the few remarks made on the subject as to require some correction. I spoke of our country, and of Christendom generally, not having attained to the highest mode of warfare, the weapons of which are "not carnal, but mighty through God," etc., and expressed the fullest confidence in their efficiency, inasmuch as a labor, begun single-handed and alone, on behalf "of the suffering and the dumb," by earnest appeal and faithful protest, had aroused the country from its alarming lethargy on the slavery question. Advocates not a few had come forth, in the pulpit and in the literary world, "to plead the cause of the poor and needy."

Now that we are beginning to feel that we are verily guilty concerning our brother, that we must "amend our ways and our doings," and no longer "frame iniquity by law," a hostile spirit is manifested, and instead of the whole armor of God, we have the battle of the warrior, which is ever with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. In its prosecution, now as ever, "all they that take the sword are liable to perish with the sword."

Still, we can understand why Jesus, the Prince of Peace, should say to his disciples, "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass." So now, regarding the present calamity as the natural result of our wrong doings, and our atrocious cruelties, terrible as war ever must be, let us hope that it may not be *stayed* by any compromise which shall continue the unequal, cruel war on the rights and liberties of millions of our unoffending fellow-beings, a war waged from generation to generation, with all the physical force of our government, the President himself Commander-in-Chief.

If there should be room in THE STANDARD for this explanation, please insert it, and oblige

L. MOTT.

EXCITING SCENE AT FLUSHING.

THE celebration of the Fourth of July at Flushing—a beautiful suburb of New York—gave rise to an unusual and exciting scene. An immense concourse of people assembled in a grove to listen to an oration by THEODORE TILTON. The chairman was John H. Lawrence, well known as a prominent Democrat and Bank President in this city. On taking the chair, he made a brief address, preliminary to introducing the orator of the day, in which he went out of his way to utter an invective against men professing anti-slavery opinions; mentioning, with manifest bitterness, a class of persons whom he stigmatized as "misguided abolitionists, fanatics, and agitators."

Mr. Tilton, apparently taking no notice of the gratuitous discourtesy, not to say insult, which had thus been cast upon him in the face of several thousand people (to whom his anti-slavery opinions must have been well-known), proceeded for a full hour's length in a discussion of various aspects of the present condition of public affairs, when, suddenly turning toward Mr. Lawrence, he said—"I feel bound in good conscience, before I sit down, to pick up the gauntlet of criticism which you threw at my feet, at the beginning of the hour," and, immediately quoting Mr. L.'s abuse of the Abolitionists, added—"The shadow which you thus launched from your high chairman's seat upon those men dropped midway upon *me!* I stand at this moment covered and darkened with it, not only in your presence, but by your hand. And yet, sir, I accepted not unkindly the severest word you spoke, for you honored me only too highly by the unexpected compliment of such reproach. I know of no nobler work for any man, not even, sir, for such a man as you—certainly not for such a man as I—than to give one's hand, and heart, and brain to the cause of the poor, the down-trodden and the oppressed. Nor, sir, can you point me, even with your own finger, to any nobler fame in history than that of a man like Wilberforce, who "went up to Heaven bearing 800,000 broken fetters in his hands." So far as your words were a censure only upon *me*, I have forgotten them already; they vanished away like the breath with which they were uttered; but so far as those words brought obloquy upon many better men than I—men of true hearts, of pure lives, of noble aims—men of genius, of learning, of eloquence—nay, sir, men of whom the world is not worthy—I can only say in reply, Would to God that by taking to myself a share of their reproach, I might win to myself a share of their honor! Tell me, sir, have you ever heard of the legend of St. Humbert? After the good saint had been buried a hundred years, his coffin was opened, and a branch of laurel, that had lain in burial with him all the century, was taken from his ashes in perfect green, unfaded as if newly plucked, fresh as if wet with morning dew! Perhaps, sir, when these men, whom you seek to load with dishonor, shall come to their graves to be buried, their laurels will, in like manner, be buried with them; but I believe the hand of Impartial History, before the end of a hundred years, will reach down gently into their graves, and lift their laurels into resurrection, to bloom green and perennial before all the world!"

At these words, the entire audience rose to their feet, and shouted with spontaneous applause. The chairman also sprang to his feet, and exclaimed—"Since the gentleman has avowed himself an Abolitionist, I must leave the chair"—and immediately quitted it, retiring at once from the platform.

Mr. Tilton said to the audience, "I charge you, good people, to remember for my sake that your chairman was exiled from this platform by no word from my lips which ought to have fallen unkindly upon his ear." The applause which followed this statement assured the [illegible] that he had [illegible] what the chairman had lost, the sympathy of the entire multitude.

But, just at this moment another episode occurred, which kindled the general feeling into still greater and almost indescribable enthusiasm. Sitting in a carriage near the platform, with his family, was the Hon. Luther C. Carter, ex-member of Congress—a venerable, white-haired man—who, as the audience had thus been deserted by their chairman, stepped gracefully down from his carriage, ascended the steps of the platform, and took his seat in the vacant chair! The outburst of applause at this bit of gallantry was thrilling. The orator, turning to the new presiding officer, bowed and remarked "I need not say, sir, how I thank you for bringing your gray hairs to lend honor to a young man. I remember how it is written, 'A hoary head is a crown of glory!'" Amid a storm of applauding voices the speaker then turned again toward the audience—the entire multitude of whom were still standing—and seeing that the highest possible climax of the occasion had been reached, drew his oration immediately to a close, adding only a few words prophetic of the reign of universal freedom, and took his seat amid prolonged cheers.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, Mass.

A MASS meeting of friends of the enslaved was held in the beautiful Framingham Grove, on Thursday, July 4th, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. The full report of the proceedings has not come to hand, but we learn through private channels that the meeting was "most inspiring and delightful"—that the audience was large—that Phillips, Garrison, Heywood and J. F. Clarke all spoke finely, etc. For the address of Mr. Phillips we are indebted to the courtesy of *The Liberator* in sending us advance slips. Our readers will give earnest attention to the views expressed by him at this important crisis. We may, perhaps, publish hereafter what was said by some of the other speakers.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION AT FRAMINGHAM,

July 4, 1861.

Phonographic Report by JAMES M. W. YERRINTON.

FRIENDS: What can I say to you to-day? No man can feel himself particularly competent to make a speech on the anti-slavery question just now. It is all guess-work. The only question is, whether it is probable one man will guess a little better than another. It seems to me that we are all afloat. Events, not men, are the great objects of interest. War between two great ideas has commenced. Almost all we can do is to watch the gradual progress of that conflict. You will not, therefore, expect from me a speech. All I will attempt is simply to give you, in a friendly way, my impression of men and things, as we stand; just to state, informally, as one does to another on the sidewalk, how I look at things just now.

In the first place, I feel satisfied that the end of the slave system has come (applause). I have no doubt that we begin to touch the end. My reason is this. The age of discussion is over. We have had fifty years, more or less, of what is called agitation, discussion, and party divisions. Now, a new act has opened. It is the hour of fight—the age of bullets. That never lasts very long. It does not take as much time for a nation to fight itself clear as it does to talk itself clear, only it is necessary that the talk should precede such a fight. It is only necessary that the mind, the substratum of purpose, should be deliberately formed. I think it has been. I do not mean to say that the whole North is anti-slavery, much less for abolition; but I do mean to say this, that the South has fully come to the conviction, that unless she can use the Union to support slavery, the system is gone; and I think the North has come to this conviction, that the Union never shall be used to sustain slavery. I think, so far, the public mind is made up. I do not mean that the popular mind objects specifically to certain constitutional provisions, that men have made up their minds not to return fugitive slaves; but I think there is a prevailing and unconscious, perhaps, but assured sentiment and purpose at the North, that the Union either does or shall mean liberty in the end. Those two ideas conflict—hence the war. We are in it; how shall we get out of it?

There are only two ways by which a nation is moulded. One is by its great men; the other is, by its masses. We have not been brought to this spot by what we called our great men; we have been brought here by our masses. The war was raised by the masses, not by statesmen, and the war will be ended by the masses, not by statesmen. That is the reason why I address you to-day. Mr. Seward is not honest enough to manage this war; Mr. Lincoln is not bold enough yet. We are to curb the one, and spur the other; and that is the object of such meetings as this. In other words, neither party—neither the North nor the South—has shown any statesmanship. The South thought she had humbled the North so completely, in long, dismal years, that the threat of secession would bring us to our knees. Jefferson Davis never meant to pass this last winter out of Washington; Stephens never meant that a session of Congress should be held to which he should not be summoned. They both thought that the South, with sixty years of sovereignty behind it, could again whip the North into the traces. They were mistaken. To-day convicts them of utter lack of statesmanship; for if statesmanship means any thing, it means knowing one's times. The North, also, has shown no statesmanship; for Mr. Lincoln thought, and Mr. Chase thought, and Mr. Cameron thought, that the South would never dare to secede; that South Carolina was not mad enough to try the gulf on the edge of which she stood. We thought so; and it only shows that we all miscalculated our times in a most important point and degree. Over our heads, the Divine Providence of the hour, and beneath us the unconquerable will of both sections, have brought us face to face in battle. God be praised for it! (Applause.) Cannon are to sound the jubilee of the slave. As neither party has shown statesmanship hitherto, we have no right to expect it hereafter. We are to guess the future by weighing the elements that have formed the present, and that is, the deep-seated will, the enlightened conscience, and the assured purpose of the people.

Some friends criticise me because I seem to them to have surrendered my favorite plea of Disunion, and welcomed this war. But let such remember, that no man should flatter himself he can mould the world exactly in his method. He must consider it rare success if his cotemporaries adopt substantially his purpose. I have advocated Disunion for fifteen years, because I thought it a practicable and peaceable method of freeing the North from the guilt of slavery, and of planting at the South the seeds of early and entire emancipation—wringing justice from a weak and bankrupt South. But it has pleased the Nation to seek that result in a different way. The majority about us, starting with the principle that this was a Nation, not a partnership, have constantly claimed that the corner-stone of our government, the spirit of '76, was the full liberty of each and every human being. They waited with what they thought brotherly patience, with what the South fancied was selfish fear, for the whole Nation to acknowledge this theory. The half-success of Fremont, the election of Lincoln, were the hand-writing on the wall. It was in vain that the leaders of the three parties hound the Constitution on their brows, and swore they should never dream of changing its stipulations. The South is too wary to judge of the future by dough-faces or office-seekers, by self-elected or real leaders. They knew that the fathers of '76 assured King George, and believed, that there was no dream of independence, only a few months before they declared it. They knew that the people, once in earnest, care as little for history or parchments as a growing oak for rotten cords. They say Dr. Chalmers, baffled once in unharnessing his horse, led him into a garden walk, and left him to wait the ostler's coming. When his sister remonstrated, that the brute would not heed the tiny hedges, but eat them and trample the flowers,—"He'll be a very unaccommodating animal, then," said the Doctor. The South knew the people, likewise, were "a very unaccommodating animal," spite of Mr. Everett's faith in their respect for historical hedges—and that Lincoln, even if he brought his favorite amendment to the Fugitive Slave bill in his right hand, and vociferated his pledge of slave-hunting afresh at Cleveland, was really the picket and outpost of the great abolition army, taking quarters in the Capitol. "Crush the viper in his egg" was their war-cry. The argument of free men had gone against them. They fell back on the last argument of kings—cannon. The North replies—"We should have preferred debate—a free press—education—ballots—but if you choose bullets, agreed! The stars and stripes meant liberty in '76, and shall now." I myself should have preferred peace and argument, but the twenty millions have chosen otherwise. I have only to accept the Red Sea through which God wills to lead his people, and I [illegible] still that Canaan is beyond. If we are to serve [illegible], we must serve it in the way it chooses. When the people, thoroughly awake, and as well taught as the times allow, deliberately choose any honorable way of reaching an object of pressing importance, the duty of an honest man is to aid them all he can in their effort. Hence I bow to the masses, and welcome emancipation by war.

The South is in earnest. I do not say she is unanimous. I think that the Gulf States are as unanimous to-day as the thirteen States were in '76. The secessionists of the South are proportionally stronger than the Whigs of the thirteen Colonies were when they strangled the Tories with one hand, and George the Third with the other. There is as much unanimity there to-day as there was throughout the Colonies during the Revolution. It is idle, therefore, to talk about unanimity. A large and active number holding the wealth, and almost all the education of the Gulf States in their own hands—mark you! not the mob, but the men of property, the men of thought, the men of influence—and having one half the mob with them, are the State to all intents and purposes. I dismiss, therefore, utterly, the question, whether the numerical majority of the Gulf States wishes to secede. Whether they wish to or not, they cannot help themselves; for the ruling elements of the Gulf States have seceded, and mean to secede.

I say, therefore, *the South*, properly speaking, is in earnest. She has been considering for thirty years—now she begins to act. She acts harmoniously, earnestly. The North is only awake. She is not in earnest. The South knows what she wants; the North struggles and gropes her way with a half-formed purpose, half understood method. Just this is the weakness I find in the Administration. That is the reason why I say the masses have got to decide this battle. I hold a statesman to be one who is ready to do all the people allow. He is one who drags public sentiment up to its utmost possible efficiency. That is a statesman. I hold a politician to be one who does all the people demand. He yields, he does not lead. He submits, he does not initiate. The Administration is ready. It stands looking to the North and the West, and saying, "What shall I do?" You recollect the modest swain in Dickens's story, who could not muster courage to offer to his lady love, but getting into conversation with her favorite, said, "Tell her Barkis is willing." The Administration is willing (laughter). We want more. We want an indication that shall ripen public sentiment. We want a proposal—an opening of the channel that shall guide the public thought. The Administration propose nothing. They merely cry with the people, "The stars and stripes!" They merely respond to this war-cry of an insulted nation. It seems to me that we have a right to ask of them that they should show us how we are to be got out of this difficulty. Here are fifteen States in arms against the other half of the nation. Ten million of men against twenty. A statesman should boldly probe the wound, scan the cause of the disease, and indicate the remedy. In this age, after two hundred years of Union, of pulpits and schools, of common tongue and faith, war, except there be momentous cause, shows our pulpit and school to be failures. "Excuse us to ourselves, and save us from such another hour, if you claim to lead."

Does any man dream, that within any assignable time, we can conquer the Southern States by the present means? Will an army of 200,000, or 500,000, subdue the Gulf States, on our present plan? When they have done it, does the history of the last sixty years render it probable that the Carolinas or Mississippi will stay subdued? Have we a right to found our future on the supposition that the white race of that half of the nation are not as desperate as Poland, as brave as Hungary, as determined as Italy? We may defeat them on a dozen fields of battle, but until we depopulate the State, we never shall have subdued it. It seems to me that there is but one way of developing a Union sentiment in those Southern States, and of subduing the secession sentiment equally, and that is, by arraying a might of power, and putting behind it a purpose, that shall remove the cause that makes us two people. That is, not until you call four million of blacks into liberty, and on our side (applause)—not until you say to the South, "The stars and stripes mean liberty to every man—twenty million of men at the North, and four million at the South have said it: if, in striking down a vile system on the battle-field, any loyal man suffers loss, the nation shall share it with him"—not until we say this can we awaken the Union sentiment of the South, and array all that is loyal on our side, and annihilate the rest. At present, one half of the South clings to slavery, and means to fight for it to the death. Pride of race, family pride, old associations, and often sincere convictions of the value of slavery, produce this determination. The other half would gladly be rid of a system they thoroughly know and hate; but they dread pecuniary ruin in the change. Both halves believe the North, spite of its protestations, means, in the end, Abolition, immediate and unconditional. And they are right. Left to itself, that is our future, as sure as the Rapids end in Niagara. Assure this half of the South that the nation which decrees freedom will shield them from ruin, and we have at once with us the North, the slave, and half the South—the world over the water, and God above: success then is speedy and sure.

Outside of that is the war, two years long, four years long—costing a million a day, developing the courage, the love of country, the character of the North. Yes; but when it has lasted two years, and the unsubdued South still stretches her hands to Europe, Europe will acknowledge her independence, and ought to do so; and then the divided nation will present a new policy to the free North, and a bankrupt South, sure to emancipate, because she is too poor to keep the slaves in their chains. On one side or the other of that line rests the only effective battle. I hate war. I think the present civil war the bloodiest stain on the century, if it means only "the stars and stripes"—if it means only the Union as it was. But every thinking man sees that, no matter what men wish, it cannot mean the Union as it was. Let this war go on twelve months, and the old Union never can be rebuilt. It was built on Compromise. Such a war as this, the bitter fruits of years of angry discussion, of proud contempt on one side, and submission on the other, which the bounds knew meant cowardice and infamy—such a war may have *truces*, but in the end the only peace will be unconditional submission of one or the other side. We must change the elements which have created this quarrel, if we would end it. They are only to be changed by emancipation or division.

What do I ask of the government? I do not ask them to announce that policy of emancipation now; they are not strong enough to do it. We can announce it; the people can discuss it; the Administration are not strong enough to announce it. I do not care whether they mean it or not; it were utter ruin to announce it now. But I do claim this, that the Administration shall indicate, shall manifest its character. It has not done it. Its friends say, "We shall be called an abolition Administration, if we favor the anti-slavery sentiment; we want to be known as a constitutional Administration. There is the mistake. There is the fundamental error. General Patterson, General Cadwallader, are using the shoes General Butler has thrown away, and promising to put down servile insurrections. By the Constitution, they have no right to lift a little finger against a servile insurrection, until the Governor of a State asks it. When they make such a proclamation, it is alike uncalled for, illegal, and unconstitutional. What I call on General Scott and President Lincoln to do is, that they shall rebuke their Major-Generals when they go outside of the law to propitiate the Slave Power. I want the scales held even. For sixty years, that of Liberty has kicked the beam. I call on Lincoln and his Cabinet at least to hold them even. Even fair play to Liberty, under the old Constitution, will be such a change as will quell the South and educate the North. If General Patterson knows no better than to suppress servile insurrections, cashier him on this side the Potomac. The Administration can, should, ought, if it means liberty, indicate its purpose by these legal, constitutional and imperative measures. Why do they not? I will tell you. Lieutenant-General Scott is a Southerner. He is seventy-five years old. He is a loyal, honest, devoted friend of the Union, and the ablest soldier we have. He means to keep his oath to the letter. But he has a natural and unavoidable tenderness towards the section from which he sprang. He has an old man's fondness for the associations of the past. He hopes and trusts that, by moderate measures, by waiting, by patience, by blockades, by starvation, he can avoid exasperating the sections, and bring them together again in a harmonious Union. Mr. Seward would sacrifice everything for that Union. He has not the beginning nor the end of a principle. His own colleagues know he is a traitor; and the fault I find with the Administration is, that while honest men recognize the honest elements contained in it, those honest elements suffer themselves to be compromised, balanced, by one powerful, but, at the same time, known to be treacherous. I am only saying of Seward what every man says in Washington; what every honest man says all over the country, and especially in New York State.

With such a man at the head of the administration and those willing to be his comrades in it, I believe that we owe the absence of compromise this hour to Charles Sumner in the Senate, and the New York *Tribune* in the country (applause). I mean exactly what I say. An honest Administration, an honest President, who, hesitating, distrusting the strength of the popular feeling behind him, awed by the Senator of New York, to-day, that we have not been compromised into disgraceful and ruinous peace is due, more than to any other single man, to the great Senator of Massachusetts, and, more than to any other press, or hundred presses, to *The Tribune* of New York city.

What have we to do, under these circumstances? We are to do this: we are to claim of the Administration the indication, the manifestation of a purpose. They ask our support. We will give it, if they will give us a twig or a twine thread on which to take hold. But we must have something. And yet, Administration, or no Administration, Liberty waits on the horizon, ready to descend, like a guardian angel, on this distracted and beautiful country. For when was there ever a more glorious sight than twenty million of people ready to risk their institutions and their wealth in a struggle which every man in his secret heart—no matter what his lips say—knows means liberty—the liberty of the hated, the friendless, odious, by race and condition. I say, Administration or no Administration, events, the masses, have decided that these meetings need not be held many years to come, without being turned into meetings to celebrate the freedom of four million blacks betwixt here and the Gulf of Mexico.

I will tell you what I do hope and expect: they say Pennsylvania wants a black law—means to pass a black law, in order to shut out of her territory those fugitives who have made Fortress Monroe their refuge, or who, deserted by their masters, are living alone upon Virginia plantations, ready to come North whenever the return of the white man or the rigor of winter forces them to it. There will grow one good, however unintended, from that negrophobia of Pennsylvania. When the first frosts come, there will be ten thousand men, women and children, blacks, taking refuge in Fortress Monroe. The friends of the government are asking what the Abolitionists mean to do with them. Nothing. We leave them on your hands. You dare not, in the face of the civilized world, return them to their masters. More than that, you do not want to. Abraham Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, Montgomery Blair, have not the heart nor the wish to put back into the hell of Virginia slavery one single contraband article in Fortress Monroe. They never will do it. And when 20,000, 40,000, 100,000 are within the lines of Gen. Scott's army, the government must indicate its purpose. If we cannot clutch it out of them, the slaves will smother it out. When the time comes, it cannot be that we shall export them to Jamaica, we have not the shipping; that we will force them to Hayti, we have no right; that we will send them to die in Liberia, we cannot afford it. To export the working class is suicide. We cannot take them North; Pennsylvania has built her wall, tall as the Alleghanies, and forbids it. God grant that the first frost may find 500,000 arguments within our lines—arguments for the Administration to declare itself; for, hemmed in on the North by Pennsylvania, on the East by the ocean, on the West by the Mississippi, and above, by loyalty to God, Abraham Lincoln can say nothing else but this: "The stars and stripes shall float over Virginia, and every black man that sees them may live where he was born, certain that while twenty million of men breathe in the North, he never shall find or fear a master" (loud applause). You perceive that the government will be shut up to emancipation on the soil. Shut the government up to its duty. Send Lane or Montgomery to Memphis, and the black men in their ranks will be double the whites. The decision what to do with these allies settles the slave question. Slavery will never exist again in Virginia, unless the United States government brings it back. Let the Administration compel every General's *actions* to eat his bad words and fulfil his good ones, as thoroughly as Butler's have done, and we will wait their further conversion, trusting events awhile. But we demand the rigor of all the law left us. Then you and I must prepare the public opinion behind these politicians. We must prepare a public opinion that, by the 4th day of December, will be ready to sustain Congress in meeting the ultimate issue of this quarrel.

Suppose you are as brave, as rich, as strong, as persistent, as you suppose yourselves to be, while we fight, we have nothing but Mexican wars and South American civilization before us; a conflict of States; perpetual war; the South fighting desperately, on the mountains, ambuscades, guerilla warfare, but fighting. Is that the country we look forward to? Is that the civilization which the North would accept? Never! If our statesmen cannot give us anything better, mark me! if Europe does not recognize in two years, the North will compromise. Northern trade, Northern industry, Northern common sense, will never suffer such a future for years. The North will compromise before she will endure it. Save us from long years of war. Save us, either by emancipation or division. Nothing can be worse than years of civil war, demoralizing, weakening, destroying the ultimate hope of either a peaceful or a successful dealing with the slave question.

And yet, I see the value of this war. I am glad Gen. Scott has got 200,000 men. I only hope that when Congress is adjourned, he will advance into Virginia, and fight. I do not believe there are 50,000 soldiers on the other side. I believe Beauregard lives, spite of the telegraph, and I believe there are some 40 or 50,000 men with arms, of some sort, in the State of Virginia—the rest is bravado. But it won't do to rely wholly on blockade, to starve them out; it won't do to wait till they disperse. The worth of this war is to redeem the character of the North. No Southern man believes that the Northerner has any courage. I do not mean that the South *affects* to believe this—she *does* believe it; and but for the conduct of Charles Sumner, and a dozen like him, she has a right to believe it. She has never met in that Senate or House of Representatives, for sixty years, more than half a score of men who have dared to look her in the face. She had a right, therefore, to believe that the North was craven, or pedlar; for what she could not bully, she could always buy. Now, the benefit of this war—the blessing of it—which we shall buy at a million of dollars a day, and cheap at that, is, that we shall beat this saucy Virginia, some half dozen times, into good behavior. We shall convince these incredulous Carolinians that the North can fight when she thinks it worth while; and then, either in the Union, or alongside of it, they will live in peace, and treat us properly. They never will until then. Gen. Scott may starve the Gulf States; he never will starve out of them the conviction that New England is coward. That can only be cannonaded out of them, on the sacred soil of Virginia (applause); and the lesson which John Brown set the text for, it is for us to write in characters visible from Harper's Ferry to New Orleans.

My policy, therefore, is, give the Administration generous sympathy; give it all the confidence for honesty of purpose you can. They mean now only the Union. That is all they mean at present; but they are "willing" we should make them mean anything more we please. They are not like Seward—slippery, equivocal, false. You know the old problem which disturbed the wits of the schoolmen for a thousand years. It was, whether, when a man said, "I lie," he lied or told the truth; for if he uttered the truth, he lied, and if he lied, he told the truth (laughter). It is exactly so in regard to Seward. There is no making anything but a parallel problem out of his life and speeches (applause). But the rest of the Cabinet are honest men. Abraham Lincoln means to do his constitutional duty in the crisis. I think Mr. Chase means to. I trust them as individuals to that extent. Their party I do not trust at all. See how it has bartered the twenty years of devotion and energy in the person of Claflin, for the unrecorded and untried virtue of Thomas! And I consider Massachusetts as good a specimen of the Republican party as exists in the country. But I consider it dead, and am thankful it is dead (applause), because it leaves us free now to discriminate as to individuals, and the present crisis demands that we should make that discrimination. There is no faith, no trust to be placed on party organizations in such an hour as this. They have failed us the whole winter. That free speech exists in this Commonwealth is owing to no single word or [illegible] of aid from the Republican party. The Massachusetts Republican party has shown itself, in its ranks and in its head, recreant to the most sacred duty of the winter and [illegible] by [illegible], by intention, by dictation from Washington or submission to its known policy and wish. I mean what I say. If I had time, I should recover the record, as I shall do before the first day of January next; but you know, as well as I do, that the Republican party placed in the Governor's chair of this State one whom they considered the best representative of their principles. You know that he went to Washington and was baptized into the policy of the Cabinet that was to be. You know that he returned to the Capital of the Commonwealth, and saw a mob, in the pay and service of secession, trampling under foot the very sentiments which placed him in his chair of State, and he cannot be fairly said to have lifted a finger for the most sacred of all rights—that of freedom of discussion. You know that, after writing a letter on the value of free speech, of which I said (and said it [illegible]), that it was the noblest word a Massachusetts Governor had spoken since the days of John Winthrop, on that mad week in January, he violated every principle announced in his letter to Kimball, broke his promise as a gentleman, failed in his duty as an officer, aided his subordinates to belie the Abolitionists in the public journals; and when afterward the House of Representatives passed, and the Senate was ready to pass, a bill offering him that power, the lack of which he had made a pretext for inaction, he personally intrigued to prevent its enactment ("shame").

I know five months, crowded with great events, have passed since. But such treachery no events are large enough to hide. Free speech is the germ of our history, the corner-stone of our power. Whoever, in Massachusetts, trespasses on free speech, declares war with all our past, and endangers all our future? Everett, in 1835, had the excuse of a stronger temptation for less infamy. Let no sheen of military efficiency blind us to the danger of such an act from one whom the masses trust. Last March, before a Legislative Committee, I bore my testimony on this point. I do not mean to forfeit the character of twenty years of impartial vigilance by silence now. I feel with Southey, speaking of an act not so dangerous: "To palliate it would be vain; to justify it would be wicked. There is no alternative for one who will not make himself a participator in the guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and shame."

Why do I mention this? Is a recreant Governor of Massachusetts of so much consequence? No. But in this he was the mouthpiece of the Cabinet at Washington—of the men, I mean, who were marked for the Cabinet, when the 4th of March opened. They did what they thought necessary for the welfare of the Republican party. They wrecked it. Your Governor placed himself among these men—ready to do anything to save the party. I said, just now, that Charles Sumner and his like, with *The Tribune*, had saved the country. It is because I believe of him (and I know but of some half-dozen others of whom I should dare to say it), that while he would do anything to serve his country, he would not do a dishonorable act to save it. When, on the contrary, a man writes himself down in the other category, when he shows himself willing to use means he knows to be base, for an end he thinks good, his usefulness is gone. I place no confidence, therefore, in the action of that political organization which failed us in the trial hour. I put my faith in the honesty of Abraham Lincoln as an individual, in the pledge which a long life has given of Chase's love for the anti-slavery cause; but I do not believe either of them, nor all of them, nor all their comrades, have the boldness to declare an emancipation policy, until, by a pressure which we are to create, the country forces them to it. We are on the one side; the enrolled army of Virginia on the other. A defeat, bloody and cruel, will anger the North into emancipation. A victory, that throws the South into madness, and makes her seek any means, in her desperation, may force the government on to emancipation. Let us pray for the life of Jefferson Davis! (Laughter.) God grant him long life, and *something* of an army! (Renewed laughter.) Let us pray that heaven, or some power, will put into his heart courage, so that he may not run away too soon (merriment); so that out of the contest may come emancipation. A northeaster, that sweeps the ocean clear of every sail, is one thing; the pattering storm, that only makes every man feel uncomfortable, is another. I think, of late, we have seen the latter kind of warfare, and not the best sort.

What we are to ask for is a decisive policy, or the commencement of it. I believe that Wall street wants it; State street wants it. The merchants of fifty and sixty years old, who see their property melting away, who count their losses by hundreds of thousands, have no wish to be in a slave Union again. We have come to a moment when the selfishness of wealth is on our side. Rich men, or those lately so, cannot afford to have this war smothered up by compromise or half-way peace; that were to risk another bankruptcy four years hence. The heart of the masses and bank vaults are as one. At a fitting moment, the government has only to decree justice, and it will see the nation take its place among honorable States, with an uprising as proud and glorious, as hearty and unanimous, as that which awed Europe into sympathy and respect two months ago. This Administration holds in its hand the seed of the mightiest change of our age—the change of the great Republic from hypocrisy into honor. It lies with them, to assure the success of this experiment of self-government, and make the world our debtors. So far, the people have done their full share, rebuking distrust from the height of a sublime virtue. Let statesmen fitly use the noble weapons which a great people have forced into their almost reluctant hands. Woe to any man who balks the hour, or fails to seize the golden opportunity! The curses of one race left in chains—of another mocked in its purpose—of the world, sad from the failure of its great free model, shall load their memory.

I look at this question only as an Abolitionist. If I stood here on other ground, I should have a great deal else to say. If I stood here as a citizen, I should protest against the criticism by the press of our generals and colonels—upon the hasty rebuke of a single error, mischance or mistake, of what are called "civil" generals. I have no such fault to find. Our army, hitherto, has been officered—how? Out of every ten, eight were Southerners. Of these eight, four were traitors and two were imbeciles; so we had about two out of ten worth anything. We have now civilians; unpracticed men, to be sure, but they are "smart" men, cunning New Englanders. They could build a ship on ten days' notice, and translate the New Testament out of the original Greek with a month's schooling. It does not need long to make anything out of a Yankee; and in ten such Yankees, you will find five that think each one of them, they shall be President; such will face ambuscades or open batteries for a chance (laughter and applause). Those men will fight boldly, at least. The other five have reputation, a purpose, and an intention to do their duty. You will get two-thirds of the ten decent officers, in the end. Wait awhile: we can afford to teach such men their art on the "sacred soil of Virginia." An army, raised at a bound from 25,000 to 250,000—where, but among civilians, shall it find new officers? I see no errors in the last two months which the history of the great Frederic and of Wellington does not parallel. I have, therefore, no criticism of the army. I think if it was not held back, it would have bivouacked at Richmond, and not met a Southern soldier either (applause). So that, if I were speaking as a citizen, I should have no fault to find with our levies, with our generals, with the general machinery. They want only a head. They want only a purpose, and that the masses are to give them, not the statesmen. You and I are to begin it. And as I seldom praise anybody, I certainly may be allowed to say of the New York *Tribune*, which we so often find fault with, that it has done yeomanly service in the last six months. We want a press equally energetic, equally exacting, all over the country; and we want a public opinion here in Massachusetts that shall forget party lines, not for the purpose of welcoming Bell-Everett or broken down Democratic statesmen into their ranks, but shall forget party lines in order to rise to requisitions of the hour, and tell the open secret on every man's lips—merchant, farmer, politician, clergyman—that which no man dares print, and no politician avow, but which flashes from every eye, and nestles in every heart. It is, that every man believes this a fight for and against slavery, and intends to strangle it. Why should they not say it? It ought to be said in our Legislature—ought to be said in Congress—ought to be said very soon by the Administration.

I could talk a great deal longer, if it were necessary (many voices—"Go on!"); but of what use were it? We are all, as I said, afloat. The good God takes the helm out of man's hands, and we have only to be faithful, each in our little place, and let the great spirit of the century lift up our practice to our ideal. These days of anti slavery gatherings for the purpose of emancipation, I believe, will be soon over. By the Constitution, or over it, liberty is sure to come. Our part will soon be to watch for the welfare of this victim race, guard it during its pupilage, shelter it by patronage, by protection, by privilege, by recognizing its claim to an equal manhood. Sooner than we expected, sooner than the most sanguine of us dreamed, this problem is to be decided. How often we have stood under these trees, and sometimes talked despondingly of the future! Mr. Garrison once burned the Constitution on this platform. It is now indeed a blurred and tattered parchment, between the cannon of South Carolina and the sides of Fort Sumter. It is gone; the nation survives. The parchment is rent in twain; the people exist. That people are to shape their government anew. You and I are to have a voice in the moulding. The part which Henry and Madison, which Hancock and Adams, played in '87, we are to play to-day. They yielded to the recollection of past suffering, to the fear of present evil, to the prestige of great names, and made an instrument out of which have grown sixty years of infamy, and now civil war. They planted the dragon's teeth, and, to-day, Boston and South Carolina hold each other by the throat. This is the first-born child of 1787. To-day we plant fresh seed. Mr. Lincoln and the Administration are pausing, waiting. The furrow is opened. The guns are shotted to the lips. They are to be pointed—where? At a miserable rattlesnake flag? At a bankrupt and fugitive Cabinet, now at Montgomery and now in Richmond? At a General, of whom half the world doubts his existence? No! Your 250,000 muskets, shotted by thirty years of anti-slavery agitation, are to be pointed at the Slave Power (applause). Demolish it! (Renewed applause.) Shame England; waken France; summon Europe to our side by proclaiming that the cause of the North is liberty, and our end justice; that no flag, no parchment, is worth shedding a drop of blood, but that four millions of slaves, whom we have outraged for seventy years, claim of us this atonement; and, whether in money or in blood, it is to be laid cheerfully on the altar. Show the world that twenty million of freemen, the ripe fruit of two hundred years of self-government and Puritanism, are above wars waged for the bauble of a crown, the etiquette of a boundary, or the honor of a flag; that they take the thunderbolt, as God does, only to lift up the humble and abase the proud, and execute justice between man and man.

I want to take back that name which I endeavored to write on the forehead of Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield—"the slave-hound of Illinois"; and, instead of it, before the first day of January, 1862, I want to write on that same honored brow, "Liberator of four million bondmen; first President of the *free* United States of America" (loud applause). Help him to that fame. The Western lawyer is "willing," only he has not the courage to offer (laughter). We can help him. Help him by the press. Why, the Boston *Atlas* has recovered its soul! It speaks brave words. Soon they will let us stand by the left wing of the party. We can save it from being devoured by the Leverett Saltonstalls and George T. Curtises of a defunct dynasty. And it must be saved, not the party lines, but the heart of it. Massachusetts must send out, not merely men; as usual, she must send out ideas. I take from your Governor no jot of his merit. I tear from his brow no leaf of his laurel. Prompt, efficient, sagacious, foresighted, exact in routine—I grant it all. He has done well with the military arm of Massachusetts. But brute force, muskets, Minié rifles, are not the real arguments of the old Commonwealth. Virginia can fire a gun—from an ambuscade—and Illinois can muster a regiment; but it is only the Bay State that can remodel an age. It is only the conscience and the brain of Yankees that can upset and set up nations. That was what we were to have done during the winter, and what we are to do for the future.

A momentous hour this. It is a dangerous thing to make speeches in these days. We stand at the parting of two roads. A great policy is to be decided this year. It is easy to say that emancipation lies at the end of both roads. No doubt of it. As sure as God reigns, the slaves, or most of them, in ten years or five, will be free. But that is sorry consolation for twenty million of educated, Christian, Republican citizens. We ought to be able to handle this problem as a tried General handles his troops on the field of battle—to secure the result with the least possible suffering. We ought to be able to secure it without half a dozen years of warfare, without a broken Union, without exasperated States; and we can so manage it, if we will.

For myself, I put no value on the Union. It is a name—nothing more. It is a parchment, stained and bloody. It were enough for me to damn it forever, that Thomas Sims and Anthony Burns bear witness against it on the pavements of Boston. But there are men—some of you—who still linger in your fathers' prejudice for the Union. If so, up! gird yourselves! demand of the Administration that they proclaim emancipation. There is no other way to save the Union—now. If, eighteen months hence, General Scott is encamped, with General Davis against him, in any such shape as now (as I believe they probably will, unless emancipation intervene), England and France will acknowledge the confederacy—we shall acknowledge it; and then, ten or twenty years will elapse before the exasperated States coalesce a second time. Now, seize time by the forelock; call back to reason the madness of Lousiana and Georgia; announce that the stars and stripes carry liberty with them (applause). Mr. Cameron says, "Wherever the flag goes, trade follows." Oh, better that maxim! Wherever the flag goes, LIBERTY goes with it, and let trade take care of itself (applause). Announce it, and soon, if there is a majority for the Union, they will show themselves. Say to the slaveholders, "The Union shares the loss with you, if it takes your slaves from you by a military necessity." No matter what it costs. Better pay the money to save the sinner from his sin, than spend a million a day, for five years, in a cruel, useless, and brutal war. One year is enough for manhood; enough to show the character and purpose of the North; anything more is brutal. The government can prevent it by a word. Call on the honesty of the Cabinet, and bid them banish traitors. If that means the Empire State, banish it. Put into the office of Secretary of State a man whom Lincoln will not have to watch. One half of the clerks of the departments are traitors. Empty them! Mr. Chase knows, in the northern half of Ohio, men who, for nothing, rather than the places should be filled by traitors, would serve the government. I go for decision. Adjourn Congress, and Scott will be decisive. I concede gladly, proudly, fully, the fame of the Lieutenant-General. I do not want him to die or be superceded. Only adjourn Congress; tell him that all hope for the present Union is over; but that his fame as a General, before he dies, rests on his crushing the viper within six months; and the old man will do it (applause). It is not loyalty, it is not ability, it is a nation behind him that he needs. You and I can begin that voice which shall be echoed from the Mississippi, and compel the government to speak. Men whisper to us in the streets, in our chambers, what General Butler means here, and Mr. Cameron there, and Mr. Chase elsewhere: we want it proclaimed. We want it known to you, voted on, enforced; and the next time we meet here, you will not need me to make a speech. Butler will be here, with a proclamation of emancipation in his hand, as an introduction to you (loud applause), asking your votes perhaps, as Governor of Massachusetts (laughter), and thinking that there is no pedestal but this which surely leads to the gubernatorial chair. Yes, I congratulate you that you will soon have a new hatch of speakers. The old worn and scarred guard can retire to the rear rank, and the new Major-Generals and civilians, who have invented "contrabands," and lawyers who have turned their ingenuity into the channel of statesmanship, will be here to swell our jubilee of gratitude; and we will not be careful, then, to divide the degrees of merit, but cheerfully let the last comer take the best prize (loud applause).

Anti-Slavery Celebration at Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, July 7, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

THE Celebration which was held here on the Fourth was all that its friends hoped. The day was charming, the grove beautiful, commanding a fine view of the city and surrounding country. Quite a large number of friends were in attendance from the country, and a more attentive audience I have seldom seen. Enclosed find a copy of the resolutions adopted by the meeting, and a report of the speech made on the occasion by Parker Pillsbury.

L. M.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in the highest and most solemn sense of the words, we believe that "all men are created equal"; and on this day, eighty-five years from their first promulgation, we have met to demand their full and unqualified recognition by the American people.

Resolved, That the object of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its auxiliaries, associated or unassociated, is, "*the entire abolition of slavery in the United States,*" as "*a heinous crime in the sight of God.*"

Resolved, That the doctrines and measures on which the Abolitionists have chiefly relied, are "the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance."

Resolved, That in the earnest and constant prosecution of our work, we have seen, as one result, the complete overthrow of the two most powerful political parties ever formed in America, both of which were the sworn allies of slavery; and but for our action on the national heart and conscience, might have held the political arena to-day, undisturbed by any political organization.

Resolved, That the work of the true Abolitionists is not done, or materially affected by any change whatever in the government, so long as it recognizes slavery as an institution to be protected and prolonged, instead of execrated and exterminated.

Resolved, That slavery is a National and Northern, as well as Southern, crime; and the North cannot wash away its participation in it, in the blood of its Southern accomplices, however constitutional it may be to compel the seceded States back to their allegiance, and to restore the public property, so treacherously as well as feloniously seized by them.

Resolved, That slavery, and the agitation of the Abolitionists for its overthrow, are indeed the only causes of the present hostility between the North and the South—illustrating the "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT" doctrine, once so boldly enunciated, both by Secretary Seward and President Lincoln; and fulfilling the prophecy of the anti-slavery movement for thirty years, that slavery and slaveholders would rule the nation while it was possible, and ruin when they could no longer rule.

Resolved, That slavery being the grand cause of our present National calamity, a true Statesmanship, and enlightened patriotism, must dictate its immediate and entire overthrow.

Resolved, That the necessity for such a measure is not only becoming every day more and more apparent for the successful prosecution of the present encounter, but is also most obviously the demand of the great multitude of the people of the North.

Resolved, That the shameful return of slaves to their masters, who sought protection in Fortress Monroe, and our other military posts, without even the forms of the Fugitive Slave law, and the still more shameful imprisonment of them in Washington jail, till they can be reclaimed and remanded, and the constant pledgings of our army officers to suppress insurrection among the slaves, show how undeserving the North is of success and what danger there is of failure and defeat, under the displeasure of that God, who, Jefferson declared, "has no attribute in his character that can take sides with oppressors against the oppressed."

Resolved, That the opinion of John Quincy Adams, and the hitherto unquestioned precedents of other governments, as well as our own, in former periods, prove conclusively that slavery may be lawfully abolished at the present moment by Presidential proclamation or act of Congress.

Resolved, That in our judgment such a step is both the will of the people and the voice of God; and should our to-day-assembling Congress listen to any proposal of compromise, conciliation or accommodation favorable to slavery, it would be the signal for a new outburst of righteous Northern indignation, which would hurl the government at Washington, along with the Slave Power, to a swift and well-deserved destruction.

Resolved, That we believe with Wendell Phillips (or at least hope), that the present contest "means either Emancipation or Disunion"; if the former, we shall hail it as a sure harbinger of millennial peace, prosperity and honor to the whole of our vast country; if the latter, then we will hope for a glorious *Northern Confederacy of States*, whose whole soil shall be sacred to impartial freedom; whose schools shall be Wisdom, whose government shall be Justice, and whose Religion and Worship shall be Charity and Love.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

AT ROCHESTER, JULY 4, 1861.

Reported for THE STANDARD.

THE first of these resolutions, it will be perceived, are very primary in their character; perhaps too much so for an audience as ripe in anti-slavery knowledge as, I trust, is the most of this. And I am glad the CALL for this gathering is to all the true friends of the enslaved.

We are met to-day under new and peculiar circumstances; and the present is far the most important Fourth of July ever observed by the American people. It is, I believe, the Eighty-sixth National anniversary; and may be the last strictly of its kind we shall ever celebrate. And if slavery is to continue a National institution, why should it not be the last? What, to the slave, or to his faithful friends, is our Union, or nation? What to the slaves are our vaunted stars and stripes, but the emblem and pledge of bondage? In the exuberance of our recent patriotism, we have exhausted the English and American markets (so the newspapers say) of the last rag of bunting; and our skies to-day are all ablaze with these speaking demonstrations. And yet what was said by the Scottish poet, many years ago, is no less true to-day:

> "United States, your banner wears
> Two emblems! one of fame:
> Alas! the other that it bears,
> Reminds us of your shame!
> The white man's liberty, in types,
> Stands blazoned by your stars;
> But what's the meaning of your stripes?
> They mean your negro's scars!"

Such is the meaning of our flag to-day—such is all our government intends it shall ever mean.

What interest can our slaves have in such a flag? They seek refuge beneath it in our army, and are sent back to their claimants, to be cut in pieces by lashes more terrible than gleaming swords. In Washington jail, we are told, slaves are still confined till reclaimed by pretended owners. Our military generals enter Maryland, Missouri and Western Virginia, with proclamations to the people, that slave property shall not be molested, and that slave insurrections shall be suppressed by their regiments "with an IRON HAND"! And then, worse still, the government sanctions and approves of such proceedings, as a legitimate part of army service. But when rebel spies are caught with the most important dispatches upon them, or a murderous assassin, with "a pound of arsenic in his pocket," an oath of allegiance is all the penalty. And so they are prudently sworn, and then divested of whatever is contraband or dangerous, and safely returned to their comrades in crime. The oath of such reminds one of the little boy brought as a witness into court. The counsel on the other side objected to him, as too young to understand the nature of an oath. And so he was asked if he knew what would become of him if he swore to a falsehood. "I suppose you would send me to jail," said the lad. "And is that all," asked the judge, "would you not go to hell?" "O no," said the boy, "I guess not; my dad is a Universalist." I fear such Universalists have large families down South.

Evidently, the government and the army have but a faint conception of the work they have in hand, and the people, as yet, do not know the enemy to be met and overcome. And so there is yet a momentous mission for the Abolitionists. The present condition of our National affairs does not affect our labors in the least, except to augment both their amount and importance. Gen. Scott has not yet superseded Garrison; nor can the American army ever do the work of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Some have counselled us to *inaction* at the present moment. We have been expected "to stand still and see the salvation of God." To me, this is most dangerous doctrine; one of those "doctrines of devils" of which we should beware. Throughout all nature and providence, it is condemned. To stand still is to see *stagnation*, not salvation. A mistaken Moses once said something about standing still to see the salvation of God. But in the next breath you read the thundering response of the Almighty, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward!" And between God and Moses, meek man though he was, and learned, too, between him and God, always give me the latter. And so I did not "stand still" at home, but came here. If constant work will preserve from stagnation and death, I propose to myself a little longer lease of life by that method, and hope also to aid some of you in the same desirable result. The splendid attractions down in the city will affect us numerically; still, we may well congratulate ourselves that so many earnest men and women have come up to observe, in what seems to them and to me the most proper manner, this most important Fourth of July we have ever seen. The heart of the American people is to be changed. The public sentiment to be revolutionized, the conscience recreated, and this is our work.

War is a doubtful, a dangerous remedy for any ill. It is particularly so in our present conflict, when neither the army nor the government has any defined plan of operations, or conception of the tremendous interests involved in the contest. That we have bravery in the army, none can doubt. That we have honest men in the government, I would not deny. But that the man for the hour, *for this hour*, has appeared, I see no evidence whatever. And so I would maintain our identity as as organization, as a *movement*, that so, when the smoke of the last battle shall have passed away, if slavery survive the shock, as it may, there may still be a standard-bearer for truth and freedom, round which their friends may again rally, be they many or few, as the forlorn hope of the world.

From the war, hitherto, we have little to hope; even for the safety of Northern freedom, still less for the overthrow of slavery. The North has done the South great injustice; not in the outrageous manner claimed by such newspapers as the New York *Journal of Commerce* and other treasonable sheets. I do not believe a moral or legal right of the South has ever been violated or abridged by the North, however many and monstrous have been the provocations. But our political leaders have not treated the South as sincere and earnest in what it proposed. There is so little of earnestness and sincerity at the North, that it is not appreciated anywhere. But the South has at least these virtues in full exercise. Then we have underrated her material resources. Some of the newspapers of good repute say that our operations, so far, in the field, have been but a series of blunders, the greatest being at Great Bethel; and I heard a man, who has seen some service, say that, to this hour, the South has not yet committed what could be called a real military blunder, since it took the field, however great was its blunder in taking the field at all. Of this I cannot judge. The Southern army, certainly, must be better officered than the Northern; or else to what purpose are our military schools, where so many of the captains have been educated, and still more, to what purpose the experience, example and instruction of General Scott, under whom and by the side of whom so many of them have fought? Whatever may be true on these questions, the advantage, so far, as a whole, must be accorded to the South in the little fighting yet done.

That the North has the most money and all the munitions of war is true. The census shows, too, that far the most men are here. But, after all, as I have already said, what we most need is A MAN. Had we one man, we could afford to spare many of our shadowy, spectral beings, called, in the census, men. I agree to most of the martial virtues ascribed to General Scott. His country call him the greatest captain now extant. It was so held by many, even before the death of Wellington. Let it be so, still he is not the man for this hour. His virtues belong to the past. His honors were reaped in other fields than those now to be won. In a war with foreign powers, we might trust him, with all the weight of his years, to direct the mightiest movements. But now, another dispensation has opened, with new demands; and though in the past there may not have been born of woman a greater than General Scott, still I say unto you, he that is least in this new dispensation, *if he be but well in it*, is greater than he. Mr. Stebbins told us truly that the present contest involves all the interests of Northern freedom. I go farther and declare, the whole problem of Republican government, the grand question of the possibility of civil and religious liberty among the nations of the earth, hangs on the decisions we shall reach in this momentous struggle. Whether there can be a Church without a bishop, or a State without a king, is yet to be decided, in behalf of all mankind, and our present encounter, however fierce and bloody it shall be, will be to no purpose, unless, in these regards, it shall correct the mistakes of sixty centuries. But where is the man in our Church, State, army, navy, or anywhere, who perceives it. Our old Revolution was a failure, measured by the demand of to-day. True, it separated us from the mother country, but it bound us to a Union and Constitution a thousand times more oppressive. We beat down one tyranny, to become ourselves still greater tyrants. From that day the march of Britain has been onward and upward in the scale of civilization and human enfranchisement; while we, with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and a slave whip in the other, beginning our national career with half a million slaves, have multiplied them seven fold to-day, and are now in what we call *a war* to prolong that career, with slavery still embraced and shielded with new guaranties, "*irrevocable by act of Congress*," till the end of time! Such is the war, if we call it war, as declared by the President, as counselled by his Cabinet, and as conducted by the venerable and brave General Scott. It is not indeed a war, but only an attempt to suppress a lawless, desperate mob, begotten of slavery. All winter, the Abolitionists were the victims of its rage, unrebuked by the President elect, or his party, until he became its prey, and only escaped its fangs by flying at night on the Underground Railroad to Washington, and the mob rules him and his Administration to the present hour; defying him and his army in almost half the national dominion. All winter I told the Republicans that their ballots were but a paper bank note issue, to be redeemed at length by a specie payment in iron balls and leaden bullets. All winter, they mocked me and mobbed me for my words of warning. Senator Seward was promising peace "in sixty days from the Inauguration," and unexampled commercial prosperity, through Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Senator Chase counselled "Inauguration first," at any rate; "adjustment afterward." And so the Siren song was sung from the Senate Chamber to the Sea, and to the farthest prairie. I counselled that we accept Secession, since the Slave Power would have it so. I said, take the South at her word; let her put to sea, if she dare trust herself. Meanwhile, found for us a Northern Republic, whose soil shall be all hallowed to freedom, never to be profaned by touch or presence of slavery. Give us such a Republic, and we will begin there the world's millennium. And with the Canada line thus brought down to the Ohio, and with the fires and beacon-lights of liberty ever burning, we can soon shame and drive the dragons of slavery forever below and beyond the habitations of man. But my voice was drowned amid the howlings of the infuriate rabble; and this day almost every anti-slavery prediction is fulfilled. And now, what better can the war (which is only a constable and *posse comitatus*, on a large scale, endeavoring to execute the laws) do towards an adjustment? Can it even execute the laws, or subdue the Southern insurgents? Can it, though we are told what multitudes of so-called Union men still remain in the seceded States? Seven years were required, and forty million dollars were expended, and a thousand lives were sacrificed, to subdue the remnant of an Indian tribe in Florida. Two years ago, the nation became bankrupt in a war waged against a settlement of Mormons, who had pitched their tents somewhere between here and Sunset, in our Western woods. Secretary Cobb shelled out, and shelled out, till only a *Cobb* was left in the national chest, and the Mormons are still a flourishing community, in spite of us. Almost alone, John Brown defied James Buchanan and all his myrmidons in Kansas, and the governmental army went at last to the wall. With these examples and illustrations before me, said I not well that we have too much underrated the power of the South to plague us; earnest, determined as she seems, and officered as her forces certainly are? I do not wonder that General Scott moves no faster. He knows what he has taught a Lee, a Twiggs, and a Pillow, as well as a Beauregard, and that few, if any, like them are with the North. And he knows, too, what lurking treason may still sit beside him at the War Council Board. With infinite gasometers exhausted, we have come near having General Butler inflated into the exterior dimensions of a military hero. But General Scott knows better. An unscrupulous political demagogue, beginning his military career by a proposal to suppress, with his regiments, an insurrection among the slaves, the only people in Maryland that had any right or reason to fight, he is too transparent not to be seen through and through. But let me not be unjust to General Butler. He soon found at Fortress Monroe that he had mistaken his men. The mobbing of his troops in Baltimore, the strychnine and arsenic arguments which accompanied (if even these could make Virginia whiskey worse), taught him that the slaves were the only civilized or decent people he had found—the F. F. Vs., the very "first families of Virginia," if the Old Dominion had any left, deserving such distinction. And so he conceived the brave decision, which alone has almost immortalized him, that goods and chattels so valuable must be "CONTRABAND OF WAR." And for this one decision he has been almost forgiven all his blunders and his faults. And yet it is only a joke, at the best—and, indeed, the very "worst joke of the season" at that. For it fails to recognize the one great, unchangeable, eternal truth, that the slave ever was, and is, and is to be A MAN, and no man's goods or chattels, to be decreed contraband of war. But I was speaking of General Scott and his men and means for subduing the rebellion at the South. I do not wonder that he still holds back, when, at least in two instances, his troops have by mistake, opened what might and should have been a destructive fire on each other. I say *should have been*, because, though the disgrace of the mistake is very great, it is still more disgraceful, by all the rules and laws of war, that those two regiments at Great Bethel should have fired so furiously and so long at their own companions, to so little purpose. As it was, we must rejoice that no more were slain; even though one account declares that twelve thousand balls were fired, and less than twelve men were killed. But what has General Beauregard to fear from such martial oratory as that! A Southern railroad car, or certainly, bar-room, would be a position far more perilous. But very few New England young men have learned the science of sharp shooting; to their credit be it said. But before they go forth to battle, if go they must, they must know their work; and General Scott understands it, if Butler does not; and will risk no great encounter, with troops so unprepared. Our deficiency, however, is more *moral* than military, after all. We lack a moral perception of the high opportunities placed before us in this struggle. The hour, I repeat it, has come, but not the man. The soldiers are brave, true and right; ready, multitudes of them, to follow any competent leader in the total overthrow of slavery. But the leader they have not in the officers at Washington or in the field. And so we are deficient in military, and wholly without moral power. The South are making war for slavery, and for slavery alone. Probably President Lincoln would gladly accept that issue, and war wholly for the opposite principle, could he be well sustained. But he is not wholly sure of the people; while he well knows that his prime minister, Mr. Seward, like Stephen A. Douglas, "does not care whether slavery is voted up or voted down"; whatever may be said of other members of the Cabinet. No policy or plan, as yet, has been avowed. The President arrived in Washington, as I said, per Underground Railroad (the same on which our friend Frederick Douglass escaped *from* that locality), and sat down to a barren sceptre—like John Tyler, "without a party," and surely without power and without a plan. He sat him down, and, like Mr. Micawber in the novel, "waited for something to turn up." And there, too, sat the nation, on the brink of ruin; menaced fearfully by seven seceded or seceding States, and still more imperilled by foul treason, lurking and openly stalking throughout the North. Truly, then an hour had come, without the man for its emergencies. Truly, indeed, "there was no arm to save," however many eyes there were to pity. The search of Diogenes, with his lighted lantern at noonday, "looking for A MAN," was not more fruitless in Athens, with its swarming myriads, than it would have been with us, on that 4th day of March, or than to-day. Neither the President nor his Cabinet, nor the Generals in the field, as yet, have shown any moral, or even military skill, ability or wisdom to meet the terrible demands of this momentous crisis. They punish with cruel severity the poor soldier who breaks the despotic rules of war, but they dare not, or do not, shoot or hang rebel spies, traitors or assassins, though black as perdition in all that makes crime most abhorrent. And as to the pirates already seized, so far, they have been treated more like gentlemen than felons, and are to have all the benefit of all the forms and quibbles of law, instead of having been at once hung at the yard arm, as the law permitted and their crimes deserved. So far, we have looked in vain to find the man for the hour.

To-day, another element appears before us. The curtain rises, and, enter Congress; to what purpose we shall soon doubtless see. Lord Macaulay, I think, said, "the English Church, in two hundred years, had never been right on a single Reform question, not even by accident." How much better history has the American Congress? From 1820 to 1860, it has been covered all over "with the wounds, bruises and putrefying sores" of Compromise. One of its last acts was to organize the whole national domain into three vast territories, without one word introduced, even in the discussion, still less into the constitutions, against slavery over every hill and valley of all their yet unknown extent. And Senator Breckinridge paid the Republican members of Congress the horrible compliment, in the Senate Hall, of declaring he "believed that, from patriotic motives," they forbore all mention of the subject. And thus the last plank of the Chicago platform, that on the subject of slavery, differed from the Northern Democrats, was by themselves ignominiously sawed away. No wonder the party has put on so much crape at the sudden death of Stephen Arnold Douglas. Congress meets to-day, and we are told all the border States will be represented, more mischievous and dangerous than the extremest States of the Secession. The European question is just putting on new aspects; and yesterday the New York *Herald*, and even other journals, were sounding their alarms, and urging immediate reconciliation among ourselves, to meet dangers impending across the ocean. The President's Inaugural Address proposed new and even "IRREVOCABLE" guaranties for slavery. Only a small part of Congress can be called strictly Republican, and I have heard many good men of the party say it is unfortunate that the body is called together at the present hour. We may wait, perhaps, in hope; but surely the history of Congress, to the last hour of its last session, affords very little encouragement that it, as a whole, or by any individual, will be the power the crisis so loudly demands. Our main hope must still be in EVENTS, as the moving springs of action. Events have directed so far, and may do so still. The cannonade at Fort Sumter waked the slumbering people, and they waked Washington, so that the President dared call to the rescue seventy-five thousand men for three months, in spite of any Republican vote to the contrary, in the Congress that had then just gone home. A modest demand, truly! He had received the votes of almost two millions, but till that hour it would not have been safe to have hidden one of them to the field. A Massachusetts regiment met the mob in Baltimore, not, like their illustrious predecessor, availing themselves of the Underground Railroad through the city, and were stoned and clubbed through and out of it, as we would drive noxious beasts or birds from our gardens, and some of the brave lads were thus killed. Then came the strychnine and whiskey argument (the strychnine, doubtless, having the worst of it), and some of the men were poisoned to death. This added to the general indignation at the North. The privateering edict of the Southern confederacy augmented the already well-roused wrath, and indefinite troops for indefinite periods were summoned, and Congress was called to sanction the past and provide for the future. So far we have gone without a policy, without a plan. Events have pointed the way thus far, as the pillar of cloud and fire led the Camp of Israel out of the bondage of Egypt. The President was unequal to the hour—so was his Cabinet; and the army was not wiser or better, and so we drifted along. Congress may do no better. Compromise, hitherto, has been its life and breath and being. If we can judge of the whole by a part; if we can predict what is to be by what has been and is; then may we not expect that when all Virginia and Missouri submit, as have already a part of them—or when Virginia is conquered, as Maryland has been, that then the same kindly policy will be extended over all the States? And we shall thus conquer a peace, at our own charges, and get back a Union with slavery, such as has ever been our curse, and so will remain, till some wiser generation than ours, or else the exterminating thunders of Jehovah's wrath shall sweep it forever and ever from the abodes of men.

What now, let me ask in closing, is our duty? Evidently not to stand still. Anything but that. The government waits to be acted upon. It does not act. It is a passive, not an active verb. And we must act upon it. When you read, as in the case of the *habeas corpus* dispute, between Gen. Cadwallader and Judge Taney that "the President has the subject under consideration," it simply means that he is *harking* (as the poor slave said) to hear what New England, and New York, and the West and North-west say on the subject—for to him emphatically is the Latin maxim, "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei,*" true. To him, indeed to all the government, *the voice of the people is the voice of God.*

We must demand, and we must have, the entire abolition of slavery. A VOICE—"Do you think we shall have it, too?"

MR. PILLSBURY. I cannot speak confidently on that question—not yet. I never looked into such a bank of fog as our national affairs present. One thing I do know; we have no right to expect that glorious result while we stagnate in idle waiting. When I was a minister, for a short period (for I have had my days of weakness and misfortune as well as others), the people would often come and ask me, if they were elected to be saved, or lost, what they could do about it? I could only tell them that in my opinion, as well as in the opinion of older ministers, the election always must include the means; and, so they must go at them with all their power and might, and act just as though God had no "decrees" about it. So I say to my friend yonder. Slavery may be elected to damnation, but we must make that doom swift as possible. We must demand the abolition of slavery; and if we do not make the government obey, then we must abolish the government, and hang Abraham Lincoln as well as Jefferson Davis. But we need have no apprehensions, if only the popular will can be made known at Washington. The Northern people, of all parties, are tired of slavery; none more so than the Democrats themselves. The soldiers, too, in the army are all right, or fast becoming so. And besides, all compromising with the South is impossible, even if both parties were willing. God and nature have fixed the "irresistible conflict." Our government has gone to pieces because based on violations of God's eternal law. Down in New Hampshire the other day was a war steamer, just ready for sea, and it was accidentally discovered that one of the workmen (who, by the way, was a Virginia Secessionist) had contrived to work into the most important machinery some plaster, painted over like iron, which in a very short time would have produced a catastrophe, costing loss of ship and all on board. Only an accident led to the discovery, and prevented the most terrible of disasters. Compromise with slavery was the plaster in the great engine of State. And now, with boiler burst, and ruin all around, will we hazard the bold attempt again, and put to sea, knowing that death and all the monsters of the deep await our speedy and inevitable catastrophe?

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1861.

CONGRESS is organized, and so far there are no indications that the country is in danger from a compromise, from a premature peace, or from any attempt to recognize the rebellious States. There are peace men in Congress; there are compromisers there; yes, and full-blown Secessionists, but they are weak, so very weak in numbers, that they cannot do any harm. Ben. Wood, Vallandigham, Ancona of Pennsylvania, Logan of Illinois, Pendleton of Cincinnati, and others, from free States, would like, if they dared, to vote for the recognition of the rebellion, or at least for a truce, a stay in proceedings, to see if some new concessions to slavery will not win back Davis, Toombs and their fellows to loyalty. There are Secessionists in Congress, like Burnett of Kentucky, and Polk and Johnson, Senators from Missouri. Breckinridge of Kentucky probably occupies about the same position, though he is very cautious just at present in his conversation. Startling as it may seem, yet it is undoubtedly a fact, that there are traitors in this Congress—men guilty of overt acts of treason against the government, and, therefore, worthy of death. Yet, so secret have been their traitorous movements and acts, that it is difficult to prove anything upon them. They will be watched *here* very closely, and if caught giving "aid and comfort" to the rebels, short work will be made with them. The government will not allow the Toombs and Wigfall game of treason to be reënacted in Washington, and the moment a man begins to defend treason here, in open day, he had better look out for a prosecution.

The Republicans mean, if possible, to make a very short session. How they will do it remains to be seen, but they nearly all cry out for only three weeks. Not much will be said about the slavery question. It will be ignored for the time being, as the object is to unite all loyal men in Congress in support of the war. If the war is prosecuted, the slavery question will adjust itself for the present. If there could be such a thing possible as serious division at the North respecting the war for the Union, there would soon be danger of further compromises with slavery. The pious knaves, like Gerard Hallock of *The Journal of Commerce*, do not simply desire the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. They propose to buy certain commercial privileges of the slave republic by agreeing to return fugitive slaves. This is the bribe Jeff. Davis has ready for New-York merchants just as soon as the Southern Confederacy is recognized by this government. I got this fact last winter from one of the shrewdest Secessionists in the South. The new Confederacy will propose to enter into a special treaty with the Northern republic, giving to its people special commercial privileges over any other nation, on one condition—that we will return fugitive slaves as we did when the Union was whole! Should such a contingency occur, *the merchants* will jump at the offer, but *the people* will see all the trade on this continent at the bottom of the Red Sea before they will agree to any new bargains with slavery. Mr. Lovejoy says he has got a scheme of compromise ready to offer the South, and he don't care much what terms they make, so they will grant him the one fundamental condition of his plan—the abolition of slavery!

The message is liked, as a whole, very much by the loyal Congressmen here. It is, of course, liable to the same character of criticism of all the previous writings of Mr. Lincoln. He addresses the people, and will doubtless find his way to their hearts, but the message certainly is inferior as a State performance to Jefferson Davis's late message, and so the impartial European critics will pronounce. Mr. Lincoln comes square up to the demands of the occasion. Four hundred thousand men and four hundred millions of dollars of money means a gigantic war, and the rebels will so interpret it. While those portions of the message were read which referred to the preparations, past and future, for a great and terrible war, the uneasiness of the Southern members was apparent. Breckinridge changed his position, as if nervous, and the Missouri Senators exchanged ominous glances, as much as to say, "If *this* be the temper of the Northern people, *we* may as well be picking our way South, unless we are prepared to become loyal citizens of Missouri and the United States!" Breckinridge gave unmistakable signs of an intention to deliver a speech—doubtless a set speech—on the message erelong. He would not object, he said, to the printing of the document, as he presumed everybody would be glad to see it! No doubt, sage ex-Vice-President, you were right. This was said by him to excuse the lack of the usual criticism of the opposition on the motion to print.

The exact course of Breckinridge and the other secession sympathisers in Congress no one yet knows, but it is not believed they will dare attempt any factious opposition. They will, perhaps, content themselves with a protest against the war, a speech or two against it, and without further resistance allow the majority to have its will. Any factious attempt to thwart the will of the people towards the rebellion would result in the instantaneous expulsion of the member guilty of such conduct. Vallandigham of Ohio and Bright of Indiana know very well what their fate will be, if they attempt to embarrass the government in a traitorous way at this time. They will be expelled from Congress at once. Senator Bright says he is ready to resign at any moment, but somehow he doesn't do it. When he does, Schyler Colfax of Indiana will get his place. Vallandigham, if expelled, would never touch bottom again. So it is quite possible that these Northern apologists for Southern treason will behave themselves with common decency, for indeed neither of them is now on the side of decency.

It is curious to notice how the meanest and worst of the Northern doughfaces *naturally* take to the defence of southern treason. They are so used to take the side of the slaveholders on the slavery question, that they feel bound to defend every iniquity of their slaveholding masters. It is not that these Northern wretches like treason in itself, but because slaveholders have perpetrated the treason! Did the world ever before witness such moral and intellectual degradation? Here are men who went frantic over the semblance of an infraction of the Constitution in favor of liberty and the slave, who justify bald treason and open rebellion committed in favor of negro slavery! There are not words in the English language sufficiently blistering to suit the character of these miserable knaves, but the fact that God has permitted them to enter the world, and still permits them to live, should teach us to regard them as leniently as we can. They doubtless serve a wise purpose in the economy of God's government.

There was a movement of troops yesterday towards Martinsburg. Several regiments were sent round to join Patterson's column, and this looks very much as if Beauregard were about attempting to throw enough rebel troops across from Manassas Junction to Winchester to overpower Patterson's column by sheer force of numbers. If this is his object, Gen. Scott is too quick for him. By to-morrow night, there will be 40,000 troops across the Potomac, for an advance movement upon Fairfax Court House and Manassas Junction. These troops will form four columns of 10,000 each, but *the time* when they will advance nobody outside of high military circles knows. There are many indications, however, of a forward movement during the present week, and it is quite possible that it will take place before this letter is in print. On to Richmond! is the popular cry at present, and the representatives of the people are constantly repeating it in the cars of the President and his Secretaries. We may, therefore, pretty certainly, look for hot work ere long, unless Gen. Scott puts his veto upon any immediate fighting. Of one fact I feel convinced, that Gen. Scott does not allow himself to look at this rebellion in a political point of view. He has nothing to say about compromises, and feels that his business is to extinguish it by the sword. He executes the orders of his superior, and that is all. President Lincoln has told the General what he wants—the subjugation *of the Rebellion*; and that is the very thing which Scott honestly undertakes to perform. The President has the utmost confidence in Scott, and I do not believe there is the least excuse for any doubt as to his ability or intentions. Before this Congress adjourns, the members will see enough to satisfy them that the net is spread to catch the rebels, and that it is already closing round them.

AVON.

Chronicles of the War.

IT is fortunate, since our space is needed for other purposes, that we have not much to "chronicle" under this head in the present impression. The papers for the past week, as for that which preceded it, have teemed with rumors that Gen. Scott was on the point of making an advance upon the rebel forces; but the movement so confidently predicted is still delayed, either on account of the hot weather, or because the Commander-in-Chief has not yet completed his preparations.

On Monday night, Col. Taylor, with a flag of truce, came within Gen. McDowell's lines, with dispatches from Jeff. Davis for the President. It is suspected in some quarters that the letter from the President of the slave Confederacy contained some proposition for an armistice or a compromise, but the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"We are not at liberty to print the message from Jeff. Davis to the President, which Col. Taylor brought with the flag of truce last night, but you may be assured that its purport was not only unimportant, but frivolous, impertinent, and even defiant. It had nothing to do with negotiations for peace or for an exchange of prisoners. There can be no doubt that the privilege of the flag was abused for the purpose of delaying our advance, obtaining information, and, perhaps, communicating with traitors here. The first and third objects Col. Taylor did not accomplish; but, if he failed of the second, it wasn't the fault of the officers at Arlington, who supplied him with newspapers, conversation and a look at the fortifications. It may be said in their favor, however, that he could learn nothing to the rebels' advantage within our lines of earthworks, or of type. The general opinion here is that Col. Taylor was treated with altogether too much consideration; that if allowed to come within our lines, he should not have been taken to headquarters; and that, after his dispatches were opened and their frivolousness seen, he should not have been allowed to return at the juncture, but should have been guarded as a spy. A distinguished friend of the Administration remarked that Taylor ought to have been kicked out of the city. He had the impertinence to ask Gen. Scott to allow him to wait at Willard's for his answer, but the General thought that he could be comfortable enough at his quarters. He stayed two hours, returning at about 1 o'clock this morning. The President read the impudent missive, but had no interview with him, and declares that he will not see any messenger from rebels in arms against the government. The climax of Col. Taylor's impertinence was the announcement of himself as the bearer of dispatches from President Davis and Gen. Beauregard to Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

We have reports of a skirmish in South-western Missouri between a body of 10,000 rebels, under Gov. Jackson, and a force of 1,500 Unionists under Col. Siegel. The rebels are said to have lost from 75 to 100 men, while the Union loss was very small. Col Siegel fell back to Carthage.

Ex-Governor Wise is said to be in the Kanawha valley, at the head of a considerable rebel force. Col. Tyler, at last accounts, was preparing to give him battle.

Gen. McClellan left Middle Fork Bridge on Tuesday morning, evidently with the intention of marching to a point 20 miles east of Buckhannon, where the rebels are strongly entrenched.

Gen. Patterson is at Martinsburg, Va., with a force of 20,000. Gen. Johnston must soon fight or fall back to Winchester.

Congress.

THE XXXVIIth Congress convened in Extraordiuary Session at the Capitol in Washington, July 4, 1861. In the Senate, Vice-President Hamlin presided. Thirty-nine Senators answered to their names, and the number was increased by swearing in Messrs. Lane and Pomeroy of Kansas, Browning of Illinois, and McDougall of California—new members. In the House, 157 members answered to their names. The election of Speaker being the first business in order, Mr. Colfax of Indiana informed the House that, while he was grateful to those who had proffered him their support, he was not a candidate for the office. Mr. Hickman nominated Hon. Francis P. Blair of Missouri, and Mr. Stevens nominated Hon. Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania. On the first ballot there was no choice, but on the second, Mr. Grow was elected, receiving 99 votes, to 11 for Blair, 12 for John J. Crittenden, and 37 scattering. Mr. Grow, on taking the chair, made an appropriate address, containing no word of compromise. Hon. Emerson Etheridge of Tennessee (from which State he is an exile) was chosen Clerk, receiving 92 votes, to 41 for Col. Forney and 22 for others.

On Friday, the 5th, the President's Message was received and read. It will be found in full on the first page.

On Saturday, in the Senate, Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts presented several bills, designed to carry out the recommendations of the President in respect to the war.

In the House, on Monday, the Standing Committees were announced by the Speaker. Hon. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania is the "leader of the House"—in other words, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois introduced the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That, in the judgment of this House, it is no part of the duty of the soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves.

2. Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the law commonly called the Fugitive Slave law.

3. Whereas, Major Emory of the United States Army resigned his commission under circumstances showing sympathy with rebellion against the government, therefore

Resolved, That his restoration to the service was improper and unjustifiable, and that this House, in the name of the people, demand of the Executive his immediate removal.

On motion of Mr. Edwards (Rep.) of New Hampshire, the resolutions were laid on the table, 87 yeas to 62 nays.

On Tuesday, however, Mr. Lovejoy reintroduced the substance of his first resolution, declaring that in the judgment of the House it is no part of the duty of the soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves, and moved thereon the previous question. Mr. Mallory of Kentucky moved to lay the resolution on the table. Mr. Stratton (Rep.) of New Jersey raised the point that the resolution was in contravention of the rule adopted by the House to confine the business of the session to matters relating strictly to the prosecution of the war. The Speaker decided that the resolution was in order under the rule. Mr. Carlile of Virginia wanted Mr. Lovejoy to withdraw the motion for the previous question, to enable him to offer an amendment to the resolution. Mr. Stratton of New Jersey appealed from the Speaker's decision upon his point of order, but the appeal, on motion of Mr. Hutchins of Ohio, was laid on the table. Mr. Carlile of Virginia again ineffectually appealed to Mr. Lovejoy to give him an opportunity to offer an amendment. The previous question was sustained, and the resolution adopted, 92 against 55. [We have not seen the list of yeas and nays.] This is an important vote, and we hope it may be heeded by the President and the military commanders. Mr. Lovejoy is entitled to great credit for his boldness in making the issue, and for his firmness in compelling the members of the House to put themselves on the record.

On Wednesday, the Senate, by a vote of 33 to 4, passed Mr. Wilson's bill making an appropriation of $500,000,000 to enable the President to accept the services of any number of volunteers not exceeding 500,000. In the House, the bill repealing the laws by which Southern cities and towns were made ports of entry was passed, 135 to 10. The House also passed, by a vote of 149 to 5, the bill authorizing a national loan of $250,000,000.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT COOL SPRING, OHIO.—There will be an anti-slavery meeting at Cool Spring, Columbiana County, Ohio, on Sunday, July 21, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. James Barnaby, M. R. Robinson, and other speakers, will be in attendance.

Miscellaneous Department.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

[illegible] o' whom [illegible] writes,
Nor [illegible]
[illegible] who, on [illegible] some nights,
[illegible] the chores
Done [illegible] enough to see
[illegible]
Sweet [illegible] must be,
[illegible] for tears.

But [illegible]
That [illegible] mother had—
You [illegible] who do [illegible] rites
[illegible]
Of [illegible]
[illegible] white and [illegible] hair
[illegible] tasks
[illegible] eyes,
[illegible] care
[illegible]
[illegible] well, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] gone, the grass
Had [illegible] to the shepherd led,
Where [illegible]
So [illegible] trail—
A shining [illegible] on his head,
And [illegible] to the gale.

[illegible] and when it sped,
[illegible] wave
[illegible] sweetheart's grave,
With [illegible] flowers was set about,
I thought [illegible] them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law;
And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
Evoked the simple meanings out of things
By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shudderings of fear
Had never, in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unkissed
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like the seamless mist.

And often yet, upon the shining track
Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued,
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune;

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see.
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity;

And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and material on the external sight.

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Extracts from PAUL B. DU CHAILLU'S recent work.

INAUGURATION OF A KING IN MPONGWE.

It happened that Njogoni, a good friend of my own, was elected. The choice fell on him, in part because he came of a good family, but chiefly because he was a favorite of the people and could get the most votes. I do not know that Njogoni had the slightest suspicion of his elevation. At any rate, if he had, he shammed ignorance very well. As he was walking on the shore, on the morning of the seventh day, he was suddenly set upon by the entire populace, who proceeded to a ceremony which is preliminary to the crowning, and which must deter any but the most ambitious men from aspiring to the crown. They surrounded him in a dense crowd, and then began to heap upon him every manner of abuse that the worst of mobs could imagine. Some spit in his face; some beat him with their fists; some kicked him; others threw disgusting objects at him; while those unlucky ones who stood on the outside, and could reach the poor fellow only with their voices, assiduously cursed him, his father, his mother, his sisters and brothers, and all his ancestors to the remotest generation. A stranger would not have given a cent for the life of him who was presently to be crowned. Amid all the noise and struggle, I caught the words which explained all this to me; for every few minutes some fellow, administering an especially severe blow or kick, would shout out, "You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By and by we shall have to do your will." Njogoni bore himself like a man and a prospective king. He kept his temper, and took all the abuse with a smiling face. When it had lasted about half an hour, they took him to the house of the old king. Here he was seated, and became again for a little while the victim of his people's curses. Then all became silent; and the elders of the people rose and said, solemnly (the people repeating after them), "Now we choose you for our king; we engage to listen to you and to obey you." A silence followed, and presently the silk hat, which is the emblem of Mpongwe royalty, was brought in and placed on Njogoni's head. He was then dressed in a red gown, and received the greatest marks of respect from all who had just now abused him. Now followed a six days' festival, during which the poor king, who had taken with the office also the name of his predecessor, was obliged to receive his subjects in his own house, and was not allowed to stir out; six days of indescribable gorging of food and bad rum—of beastly drunkenness and uproarious festivity. Numbers of strangers came in from surrounding villages to pay their respects; and all brought more rum, more palm-wine, and more food. Everything that tended toward festivity was given away, and all who came were welcome.

THE GORILLA.

Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running toward the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue them no more, we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us. I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

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The underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep base *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it, that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage we fired, and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

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We were walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla with a tiny baby-gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching, that I held my fire, and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle. The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and, with pitiful cries, endeavored to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite, so we could easily manage it; and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother, he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance, from time to time, to a plaintive cry, "Hoo, hoo, hoo," which touched my heart. I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed more docile than the other I had, for he already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry towards me when he saw me.

THE NEST-MAKING APE.

As I was trudging along, rather tired of the sport, I happened to look up at a high tree which we were passing, and saw a most singular-looking shelter built in its branches. I asked Okabi whether the hunters here had this habit of sleeping in the woods, but was told, to my surprise, that this very ingenious nest was built by the *nshiego-mbouvé*, an ape, as I found afterwards, which I put in the genus *Troglodytes*, and called *Troglodytes calvus;* an animal which had no hair on its head, so Okabi told me. * * I saw many of these nests after this, and may as well say here that they are generally built about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and invariably on a tree which stands a little apart from others, and which has no limbs below the one on which the nest is placed. I have seen them at the height of fifty feet, but very seldom. This choice is probably made that they may be safe at night from beasts, serpents, and falling limbs. They build only in the loneliest parts of the forest, and are very shy, and seldom seen even by the negroes. Okabi, who was an old and intelligent hunter, was able to tell me that the male and female together gather the material for their nests. This material consists of leafy branches with which to make the roof, and vines to tie these branches to the tree. The tying is done so neatly, and the roof is so well constructed, that until I saw the nshiego actually occupying his habitation, I could scarce persuade myself that human hands had not built it. It throws off rain perfectly, being neatly rounded at the top for this purpose. The material being collected, the male goes up and builds the nest, while the female brings him the branches and vines. The male and female do not occupy the same tree, but have nests not far apart. From all I have observed, I judge that the nshiego is not gregarious. The nests are never found in companies; and I have seen even quite solitary nests occupied by very old nshiegos-mbouvé, whose silvery hair and worn teeth attested their great age. These seemed hermits who had retired from the nshiego world.

MORE PLUMS FROM THE LAND OF CAKES.

He who could write a popular volume upon an almost inexhaustible subject, and refrain from attempting "a continuation," would be more than man, and a great deal more than author. If, in addition, one receives, as did the author of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, congratulatory communications upon his first venture "from Connecticut, U. S.; from Melbourne, Australia; from the shores of the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia; and [especially] from Oporon, in Hutno, in Poland," the putting forth of "a second series" ceases to be a temptation, and becomes a fate. No living dean could resist it, and we very much doubt whether an archbishop would not have succumbed. Moreover, Dean Ramsay really stands in need of no excuse; for, although overwhelmed with voluntary contributions from his fellow-countrymen, which his good nature has now and then admitted without sufficient winnowing, his present volume* contains as good things as did his last.

Surely no minister expressing the public wants in respect of weather was ever more particular in his prayer than he whom our author describes as appealing thus: "O Lord, we pray thee to send us wind; no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noohin' soughin', winnin' wind." Another divine seems to have been equally exact and specific in his objections to swearing, since in his "fencing the tables" (that is prohibiting the approach of those who were unworthy to receive the sacrament) he proclaimed: "I debar all those who use such minced oaths as Faith, Troth, Losh, Gosh, and Lovanenty!" A third minister, who, if it had been in St. Paul's place, would certainly not have healed Eutychus, observed one of his flock asleep during the sermon. "'Jeems Robson,' exclaimed he, 'ye are sleepin'. I insist on your waukin' when God's word is preached to ye.' 'Weel, sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me,' answered Jeems, pointing to the clergyman's lady in the minister's pew. 'Then Jeems,' said the minister, 'when ye see my wife asleep again, haud up your hand.' By and by the arm was stretched out, and sure enough the fair lady was caught in the act. Her husband solemnly called upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offence. He thus addressed her: 'Mrs. B., a'body kens that when I got ye for a wife, I got nae beauty; yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall hae a puir bargain indeed.'"

The clergy, however, do not form the subject of so many stories in this second series of *Reminiscences* as they did in the first; nor are there so many founded upon intoxication. Yet the following, perhaps, may bear comparison with any in the former volume: "The old generation of Galloway lairds were a primitive and hospitable race, but their conviviality sometimes led to awkward occurrences. In former days, when roads were bad, and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper-party, with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the river Urr, at a ford at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed till her husband reached his door, when, of course, there was an immediate search made. The party who were dispatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words: 'No anither drap; neither het nor cauld.'"

There are some admirable, though rather shocking examples of the Scottish matter-of-fact view of death and absence of sentiment, one of which we cannot resist quoting, wherein the coolness and calculation of the reply is so excessive, that the brutality of the speaker is lost sight of. "An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his dying wife. She took him by the hand. 'Weel, John, we're gawin to part. I hae been a guid wife to you, John.' 'Oh, just middling, just middling, Jenny,' said John, not disposed to commit himself. 'John,' says she, 'ye maun promise to bury me in the old kirkyard at Stra'von, beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk, in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow.' 'Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman,' said John, soothingly, 'we'll just pit you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you sine in Stra'von.'"

In the above anecdotes, as in the great majority of the collection, it is observable that the speakers have no intention, nor even knowledge, of saying anything humorous, and even that the chief point consists in their ignorance of having done so. Of intentional humor, there are, however, one or two excellent examples, and singularly enough (and to Mr. Thackeray's confusion) all occurring in the female sex. The box of an old Scotch lady was not forthcoming at the railway station at which she was to stop. When urged to be patient, she exclaimed: "I can hear ony pairtings that may be ca'ed for in God's Providence; but I canna stan' pairting frae ma claes." It is just possible, though scarcely probable, that this may have been the result of pure simplicity; but the speakers in the remaining anecdotes were without doubt genuine humorists. A country minister had been invited with his wife to dine and sleep at the house of a certain laird. Their host was very proud of one of the very large beds which had just come into fashion, and in the morning asked the lady how she had slept in it. "Oh, very weel, sir; but, indeed, I thought I'd lost the minister a'thegither." An old maiden lady at Montrose, during the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, was solicited for a subscription to raise men for the king. "Indeed," she answered sturdily, "I'll dae nae sic thing; I never could raise a man *for mysel*, and I am no gaen to raise men for King George." Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton (commonly called Soph) entertained somewhat freethinking opinions, and the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair accordingly took an opportunity of having a little serious talk with her. "The doctor, shocked to find her mind in such an unsettled state on some fundamental points of theology, had dwelt at some length upon the great facts connected with the primeval condition and the Fall. Soph heard it all with much gravity and then coolly replied: 'Weel, weel, doctor, it wad hae been sma' pleasure to me to rin about naked in a garden, eating green apples.'" Never was a reproof to cant better administered than by old "Mrs. Robison (widow of the eminent professor of natural philosophy) to a gentleman whom she had invited to dinner on a particular day, and who had accepted, with the reservation, 'if I am spared.' 'Weel, weel,' said Mrs. Robison, 'if ye're dead, I'll no expect ye.'"

Of wit, as distinguished from humor, there are but two really good examples in this volume, and the genuineness of one of those is more than doubtful. "A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry: 'O doggie, doggie, and div ye live wi' your uncle tae, that ye are sae thin?'" We confess that we do not believe in that attenuated and very sharp little boy. The second example is, however, both excellent and authentic. "A conceited packman called at a farm house in the west of Scotland, in order to sell his wares. The gudewife was startled by his southern accent, and his high talk about York, London, and other big places. 'An' whaur come *ye* frae yersel?' was the question of the guidwife. 'Oh! I am from the Border.' 'The Border! Oh! thocht that; for we aye think the selvidge is the wakest bit o' the wab!'" Is it possible that Douglas Jerrold ever spoke Scotch, or wore petticoats? At all events, the reply was in every way worthy of him, and must be severely felt by the inhabitants of Berwick-upon-Tweed and its environs.

If it be an Irishism to say so, we would observe that one of the best portions of these *Reminiscences of Scottish Life* is that which is devoted to Yorkshire. The venerable dean's own youth was passed there, and his account of the manners of that time is deeply interesting. Some curious ancient customs yet lingered in the parish. "For example, the old habit of bowing to the altar was retained by the rustics on entering church. A copy of the Scriptures was in the vestry *chained* to the desk on which it lay, and where it had evidently been since this mode of introducing the Bible was practised in time of Edward VI. The passing bell was always sounded on notice of the death of a parishioner, and sounded at any hour, night or day, immediately on the event happening. One striking custom prevailed at funerals: the coffin was borne through the village to the churchyard by six or eight bearers of the same age and sex as the deceased. Thus, young maidens in white carried the remains of the girl with whom they had so lately sported; boys took their playfellow and school-companion to the churchyard; the young married women was borne by matrons; the men of middle-age did the same office for their contemporary cut off in the pride of manhood; and though the aged women did not share in this arrangement, yet the old man was carried to the grave by men whose white locks and feeble steps showed that they would soon follow their friend and brother. The effect of these processions on a fine summer evening was very striking, especially when, as was often the case, it was preceded by old men, who, bare-headed and with tremulous voices, chanted, as they walked towards the little church, a portion of the ninetieth psalm."

A practice existed at the proclamation of bans of matrimony which would have generally shocked the rubricians of the present day; immediately after the words, "This is the first, second, or third time of asking," the old clerk shouted out: "God speed them weel."

"In nothing was the primitive and simple character of the people of this district more remarkable than in the social position of the clergy amongst them. The livings were all small, so that there was no temptation for ecclesiastics of birth or high position in society to come to the locality. The clergy were in many cases clergy only on Sundays, and for Sunday duty; the rest of the week they are like their people. Engaged in agriculture or horse-breeding, they lived with their servants, and were scarcely raised above the position of farmers. To show the primitive manners of many clergymen, I may mention the case of an usher in my school, who was also curate. He enjoyed the euphonious name of Caleb Longbottom. I recollect his dialect—pure Yorkshire; his coat, a black one only on Sunday, as I suppose he was on week-days wearing out his old blue coat which he had before going into orders. Lord Macaulay has been charged that, in describing the humble social condition of the clergy in the reign of Charles II., he has greatly exaggerated their want of refinement and the knowledge of the world. But really, from recollection of my friend Mr. Longbottom and others at the time I speak of in the reign of George III., I cannot think he has overdrawn the picture. Suppose this incident at a table in our own time: My uncle lived in what is called in Yorkshire the Hall; and being principal proprietor in the parish, he was, in fact, the squire or great man. The clergy always dined at the Hall after evening service, and I recollect the first day the new curate dined. The awkwardness and shyness of the poor man were striking, even to the eyes of a thoughtless school-boy. He summoned courage to call for beer, and according to the old custom, deemed it necessary to drink the health of all present before he put the glass to his lips. He addressed first the old gentleman, then the vicar, then myself, and finally, with equal solemnity drank to the servants in attendance—the old butler and the coachman, who were waiting upon the company."

The ignorance of that time was stupendous. "There was a most unshaken belief in the existence of *witchcraft* and the power of witches, and one individual in particular was marked as having the power of injuring cattle, and blighting children, and doing many mischievous acts. I can now recall the care with which, in passing this miserable old creature, we school-boys used to put our thumb between the first and second finger, pointing it downwards, as the infallible protection against her evil influences. I do not think this individual so suspected was very anxious to *repel* the impeachment. I recollect an old neighbor telling me that on coming from market she had insinuated the charge against her of having 'bad books,' and that she did not positively disown it. It gave her a sort of importance, and made her an object of some awe and fear in the village."

The meagre education given to the poor was imparted so carelessly that they often learned words without any meaning, or put on them a signification which was far from being intended. "An old woman, who lived quite alone, and was very helpless, had adopted a little girl from the workhouse, and brought her up till she was about sixteen, when she had become a useful helpmate for her in her household concerns, and was to her as a daughter. The child, however, was persuaded to leave the old woman, and was enticed away to be servant in a farmhouse. Some of the neighbors condoling with her, and expressing indignation at the ungrateful conduct of the girl, the poor old woman meekly observed that such things were only to be expected, as we were told in Scripture they *would happen*. She then quoted Scriptural authority to that effect, adding: 'You know it is said: "Train up a child, and away he do go."'"

The farmers of that period, whose families had been sometimes tenants on the same farm from father to son, and without leases, from the reign of Henry VIII., were by no means examples of the advantages of long descent. Their idol was money, and when they got money, they were purse-proud to an inordinate degree. We cannot close our notice of this most amusing volume better than by a story illustrative of their extravagant pomposity. "I knew a man who, as a farmer and maltster, had amassed (for him) a good fortune, and who could nevertheless hardly read or write. When he got into quarrels with his neighbors, he used to slap his pocket, and warn his opponent: 'You'd better not meddle wi' me; I be pretty respectablish *here*.' Riding home from market one day very tipsy, he fell from his horse, and lay helpless in the ditch; there he was overheard saying: 'Here lies ten thousand pound!' But as if he had not done himself justice, and on second thoughts and further consideration, he added: 'Why not say eleven?'"—*Chambers's Journal.*

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* *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* The Second Series. Edmonston and Douglas.

PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHY.

Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey, has published the result of various experiments which he has made in photo-zincography, or the art of copying ancient manuscripts, or any outline engravings. Colonel James states that he has been assisted in his labors by Captain A. de C. Scott, R.E. The pamphlet to which we allude gives the following description of the art: "By the term 'photo-zincography' is meant, as the name implies, the art of producing a photographic facsimile of any subject—such as a manuscript, a map, or line engraving, and transferring the photograph to zinc, thereby obtaining the power of multiplying copies in the same manner as is done from a drawing on a lithographic stone or on a zinc plate. The first part of the process concerns the production of a negative photograph on glass of the document, of exactly the same size as the original. This is obtained by the ordinary wet collodion process, and too great care cannot be taken to obtain one as perfect as possible, as every defect will be transmitted through each step of the process till it affects the final result. As affecting success at this stage the lens used should be as perfect as possible, and fully capable of projecting an image of the size required without sensible distortion. Lenses are used at the Ordnance Survey office of various diameters, depending on the size of the document to be copied—the largest being eight inches in diameter, forty-one inches in principal focal length, and capable of producing negatives free from sensible distortion sixteen inches square, a stop one inch in diameter being placed eight inches in front of it. The distance from the lens to the ground-glass of the camera when adjusted so as to copy a subject in the same size is seven feet three inches, and from the lens to the subject of course the same. The readiest means of adjusting the camera and lens in their proper position relatively to the object and to each other when it is required to produce a negative the same size is to ascertain by actual measurement with a proper scale a lineal dimension of the subject (as its width or length), and so to regulate the distance of the lens from it, that when the image is focussed on the ground-glass it shall equal, in its corresponding dimension, that already read on the scale. This can easily be done by a system of repeated trial and correction of error. When the lens and camera are in adjustment, the glass plate is covered with the sensitive coating—exposed, developed, and fixed in the ordinary way; when fixed it is immersed in a saturated solution of chloride of Mercury (corrosive sublimate). When well whitened by the action of the salt, it is removed, washed with water, and then with a solution of hydro-sulphate of ammonia, consisting of ten parts of water to one of hydro-sulphate of ammonia of commerce. In this manner the ground of the negative is rendered extremely dense, without affecting the clearness of the detail. When dried and varnished it is ready for use. We now come to the preparation of the sensitive paper. The quality of the paper used is a point of much importance. Various samples have been tried, but that which has been found best suited for the purpose is a semi-transparent kind, with a smooth surface, known by the name of engraver's tracing paper. The next step of the process is the coating of the whole surface of the print with an even and thin layer of a greasy ink, which is composed of the following ingredients: Middle linseed oil varnish 4½ oz., wax 4 oz., tallow ½ oz., Venice turpentine ½ oz., gum mastic ¼ oz., lamp black 3½ oz. A portion of the above is dissolved in oil of turpentine, so as to make a solution of the consistency of thin cream, which is easily applied to the surface of the print with a brush. As soon as the lines are quite clear the print is placed in a flat dish and washed first with warm, and finally with cold water. When dry, it is ready for transferring to zinc or stone. There are two methods of transferring to zinc, varying according to the quantity of ink on the photograph. It a very small quantity has been applied on account of the closeness of the subject, the print is transferred by the 'anastatic' process."

"SETTLED BY GENTLEMEN."

The slave-owners of South Carolina and Virginia claim a superiority over the North because their colonial ancestors were "gentlemen," while the settlers of New England and the North were common sort of folks. Mr. Russell has fallen into the same vein, in his letters; at least, he gives a prominence to this view, with which the Southern people are fond of flattering themselves. We propose to examine, in the light of history, this pretension of superiority. We believe in blood; we believe that good and bad qualities are transmitted from one generation to another, and that in the characters of the people who inhabit the North and the South are preserved much of the distinctive qualities which marked the original settlement of the colonies.

In Sir Josiah Child's "Discourse Concerning Plantations," published in 1692, a paper well known to historical students, and of high authenticity, the following passage occurs. The distinguished author—a great banker, whose house still survives—is defending colonization, and showing that the parent country has not become impoverished or depopulated by the emigration of the two very different sorts of people who have settled the Northern and the Southern colonies of Great Britain in America:

> "To resolve this Question we must consider what Kind of People they were, and are, that have and do transport themselves to our Foreign Plantations.
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> "New England (as every one knows) was originally inhabited, and hath since successively been replenish'd by a Sort of People call'd *Puritans*, which could not conform to the Ecclesiastical Laws of England; but being wearied with Church Censure and Persecutions, were forc'd to quit their Father's Land, to find out new Habitations, as many of them did in Germany and Holland, as well as New England; and had there not been a New England found for some of them, Germany and Holland probably had receiv'd the rest; But old England to be sure had lost them all.
>
> "Virginia and Barbadoes were first peopled by a Sort of loose vagrant People, vicious and destitute of Means to live at Home (being either unfit for Labour, or such as could find none to employ themselves about, or had so misbehav'd themselves by ———, Thieving, or other Debauchery, that none would set them on work) which Merchants and Masters of Ships by their Agents (or Spirits as they were call'd) gathered up about the Streets of London and other Places, cloath'd and transported to be employ'd upon Plantations; and these, I say, were such as, had there been no English Foreign Plantation in the World, could probably never have liv'd at Home to do Service for their Countrey, but must have come to be hang'd or starv'd, or died untimely of some of those miserable Diseases that proceed from Want and Vice; or else have sold themselves for Soldiers, to be knock'd on the Head, or starved, in the Quarrels of our Neighbours, as many Thousands of brave Englishmen were in the low Countries, as also in the Wars of Germany, France, and Sweden, &c., or else if they could by begging, or otherwise, arrive to the Stock of half a Crown to waft them over to Holland, become Servants to the Dutch, who refuse none."

These are the "gentlemen," the men of blood, of family, who settled eastern Virginia, and whose descendants cannot without degradation associate with those of the Winthrops, the Hancocks, the Broadstreets, the Lincolns, the Standishes, the Prescotts, the Wautons, the Hutchinsons, of New England. These were the fathers of the whiskey-drinking, tobacco-chewing aristocracy, whose great desire, Mr. Russell informs us, and no doubt truly, is to have "one of the royal race of England to rule over" them.

But these were by no means the worst of the immigrants to Virginia. These only ran away; others were sent away. The following is from Hildreth's History of the United States:

> "During the year that Sandys held office, he sent to Virginia twelve hundred emigrants—twice as many as there were inhabitants in the colony when he became treasurer. Among them were ninety young women, 'pure and uncorrupt,' who were disposed of for the cost of their passage, as wives to the planters. The price of a wife was a hundred pounds of tobacco, worth then about seventy-five dollars. But half as much more was obtained for those of a second cargo sent out a year or two after.
>
> "There were other emigrants of a sort less desirable. By the king's special order, an hundred dissolute vagabonds, the sweepings of the prisons, familiarly known among the colonists as "jail-birds," were sent to Virginia to be sold as servants—a practice long continued as a regular item of British criminal jurisprudence, in spite of the repeated complaints of the colonists, and their efforts to prevent it."

What sort of young women would be likely to go out to Virginia and sell themselves for a hundred pounds of tobacco apiece to men that they had never seen, and whose general character is described in the extract from Sir Josiah's tract, can readily be imagined. They may have been "pure and uncorrupt," but even for this we have only the shippers' warranty, and admitting its authenticity and force, one would think that even Virginia vanity and exaggeration could hardly make this the ground for aristocratic pretensions.

Of course, among so many immigrants there were some men of good families; these are described by Hildreth as "vagabond gentlemen, unaccustomed to labor, and disdainful of it, with three or four bankrupt London jewelers, goldsmiths and refiners, sent out to seek for mines." And again, he speaks of another accession to the colony, as "poor gentlemen, indolent, dissolute and insubordinate, or else broken down tradesmen, 'fitter to breed a riot than to found a colony.'"

South Carolina was peopled to a considerable extent in the same way with the dregs of various nationalities, Dutch, Scotch, Irish, and very low English. They are styled in the chronicles of the time, "low bred people"—and their early legislation and practices were what might be expected from such an immigration; piracy flourished upon the water and repudiation upon the "sacred soil" of the State which boasts its descent from such ancestors.

In some of the publications relating to the colonies is a list of the convicts sent over among the founders of Virginia. We have not the time to look it up; but some of our readers may have the curiosity to find it, and to see how many names that have lately been distinguished for crimes against the government, had their origin among the unwilling fathers of the State. Few of them will probably be found connected with so respectable an offence as treason, for in the colonial days a convicted traitor was punished more severely even than by transportation to Virginia; but we doubt not that many a proud son of the chivalry who has made himself conspicuous in stealing guns, obstructing railroads, burning bridges, and similar acts of Southern patriotism, can trace back to some celebrated pickpocket, or some eminent London thief, the lineage:

"Whose ancient but ignoble blood
Has flowed through scoundrels ever since the flood."

These extracts and records apply only to Eastern Virginia. Western Virginia was settled long after, and from the North and by foreign immigration. Neither by their ancestry nor by their present conduct have the people of that part of the State earned the peculiar titles to distinction upon which the slaveholders of Eastern Virginia pride themselves. Their fathers believed, as they believe, that stealing was not among the virtues, and that something more than idleness and ignorance were necessary to the character of a gentleman.

There is one plain reason why the Southern men of gentle manners and of courteous breeding—and there are many such—make so marked and favorable an impression. A Southern gentleman born to fortune, educated at Yale or Harvard accustomed all his life to liberal pursuits and honorable employments, presents a great contrast to a specimen of what they call the "poor whites," and the negroes call 'white trash,' born to ignorance unable to read or write, with no higher ambition—and that never gratified—than to own a "nigger," and no other accomplishment than chewing tobacco and shooting at a mark. But the contrast between a Northern man of the same birth, education, fortune and pursuits, and a mechanic educated at our free schools, perhaps a graduate of the high school, is by no means the same. The positive position may be the same, but the difference in the relative position is immense; and it is by their relative, not their positive position, that they are estimated.—*Providence Journal.*

THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON TIMES IN NEW ORLEANS.

[From the letters of Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, written in New Orleans, we present these extracts.]

New Orleans, May 22.

In the course of my journeyings southward I have failed to find much evidence that there is any apprehension on the part of the planters of a servile insurrection, or that the slaves are taking much interest in the coming contest, or know what it is about. But I have my suspicions that all is not right; paragraphs meet the eye, and odd sentences strike the ear, and little facts here and there come to the knowledge which arouse curiosity and doubt. There is one stereotyped sentence which I am tired of: "Our negroes, sir, are the happiest, the most contented, and the best off of any people in the world."

The violence and reiterancy of this formula cause one to inquire whether anything which demands such insistance is really in the condition predicated, and, for myself, I always say, "It may be so, but as yet I do not see the proof of it. The negroes do not look to be what you say they are." For the present, that is enough as to one's own opinions. Externally, the paragraphs which attract attention, and the acts of the authorities are inconsistent with the notion that the negroes are all very good, very happy, or at all contented, not to speak of their being in the superlative condition of enjoyment, and, as I only see them as yet in the most superficial way, and under the most favorable circumstances, it may be that when the cotton-picking season is at its height, and it lasts for several months, when the labor is continuous from sunrise to sunset, there is less reason to accept the assertion as so largely and generally true of the vast majority of the slaves. "There is an excellent gentleman over there," said a friend to me, "who gives his overseers a premium of $10 on the birth of every child on his plantation." "Why so?" "Oh, in order that the overseers may not work the women in the familyway overmuch." There is little use in this part of the world in making use of inferences. But where overseers do not get the premium it may be supposed they do work the pregnant women too much. Here are two paragraphs which do not look very well as they stand:

> Those negroes who were taken with a sudden leaving on Sunday night last will save the country the expenses of their burial if they keep dark from these parts. They and other of the "broden" will not be permitted to express themselves quite so freely in regard to their braggadocio designs upon virtue in the absence of volunteers.—*Wilmington (Clinton County, Ohio) Watchman (Republican).*
>
> Served Him Right.—One day last week some colored individual, living near South Plymouth, made a threat that, in case a civil war should occur, he would be one to ravish the wife of every Democrat, and to help murder their offspring and wash his hands in their blood. For this diabolical assertion he was hauled up before a committee of white citizens, who adjudged him with forty stripes on his naked back. He was accordingly stripped, and the lashes were laid on with such a good will that blood flowed at the end of the castigation.—*Washington (Fayette County, Ohio) Register (Neutral).*

It is reported that the patrols are strengthened, and I could not help hearing a charming young lady say to another the other evening that "She would not be afraid to go back to the plantation, though Mrs. Brown Jones said she was afraid her negroes were after some mischief."

Reverting to Montgomery, one may say without offence that its claims to be the capital of a Republic which asserts that it is the richest and believes that it will be the strongest in the world, are not by any means evident to a stranger. Its central position, which has reference rather to a map than to the bard face of the matter, procured for it a distinction to which it had no other claim. The accommodations which suited the modest wants of a State Legislature, vanished or were transmuted into barbarous inconveniences by the pressure of a central government, with its offices, its departments, and the vast crowd of applicants which flocked thither to pick up such crumbs of comfort as could be spared from the Executive table. Never shall I forget the dismay of myself and the friends who were travelling with me, on our arrival at the Exchange Hotel under circumstances with some of which you are already acquainted. With us were men of high position, members of Congress, Senators, ex-Governors and Gen. Beauregard himself. But to no one was greater accommodation extended than could be furnished by a room held, under a sort of ryot-waree tenure, in common with a community of strangers. My room was shown to me. It contained four large four-post beds, a ricketty table, and some chairs of infirm purpose and fundamental unsoundness. The floor was carpetless, covered with litter of paper and ends of cigars, and stained with tobacco juice. The broken glass of the window afforded no ungrateful means of ventilation. One gentleman sat in his shirt-sleeves at the table reading the account of the marshaling of the Highlanders at Edinburgh in the Abbottsford edition of Sir Walter Scott; another who had been wearied, apparently, by writing numerous applications to the government for some military post of which rough copies lay scattered around, came in, after refreshing himself at the bar, and occupied one of the beds, which, by the by, were ominously provided with two pillows apiece. Supper there was none for us in the house, but a search in an outlying street enabled us to discover a restaurant, where roasted squirrels and baked oppossums figured as luxuries in the bill of fare. On our return we found that due preparation had been made in the apartment by the addition of three mattresses on the floor. The beds were occupied by unknown statesmen and warriors, and we all slumbered and snored in friendly concert till morning. Gentlemen in the South complain that strangers judge of them by their hotels, but it is a very natural standard for strangers to adopt, and in respect to Montgomery it is almost the only one that a gentleman can conveniently use, for if the inhabitants of this city and its vicinity are not maligned, there is an absence of the hospitable spirit which the South lays claim to as one of its animating principles, and a little bird whispered to me that, from Mr. Jefferson Davis down to the least distinguished member of his government, there was reason to observe that the usual attention and civilities offered by residents to illustrious strangers had been "conspicuous for their absence." The fact is, that the small planters, who constitute the majority of the land owners, are not in a position to act the Amphytrion, and that the inhabitants of the district can scarcely aspire to be considered what we would call gentry in England, but are a frugal, simple, hog and hominy living people, fond of hard work, and, occasionally, of hard drinking.

New Orleans, May 24.

The "moral suasion" of the lasso, of head shaving, ducking, kicking and such processes is, I suspect, used not unfrequently to stimulate volunteers; and the extent to which the acts of the recruiting officer are somewhat aided by the arm of the law, and the force of the policemen and the magistrate, may be seen from paragraphs in the morning papers now and then, to the effect that certain gentlemen of Milesian extraction, who might have been engaged in pugilistic pursuits, were discharged from custody unpunished on condition that they enlisted for the war. With the peculiar views entertained of freedom of opinion and action by large classes of people on this Continent, such a mode of obtaining volunteers is very natural, but resort to it evinces a want of zeal on the part of some of the 50,000 who are on the rolls; and, from all I can hear—and I have asked numerous persons likely to be acquainted with the subject—there are not more than those 15,000 men of whom I have spoken in all the State under arms, or in training, of whom a considerable proportion will be needed for garrison and coast defence duties. It may be that the Northern States and Northern sentiments are as violent as those of the South, but I see some evidences to the contrary. For instance, in New York, ladies and gentlemen from the South are permitted to live at their favorite hotel without molestation, and one hotel keeper at Saratoga Springs advertises openly for the custom of his Southern patrons. In no city of the South which I have visited would a party of Northern people be permitted to remain for an hour if the "citizens" were aware of their presence. It is laughable to hear men speaking of the "unanimity" of the South. Just look at the peculiar means by which unanimity is enforced and secured! This is an extract from a New Orleans paper:

[The extract gives an account of the arrest of peaceable citizens suspected of entertaining "incendiary" views of slavery.]

Such is "freedom of speech" in Louisiana! But in Texas the machinery for the production of "unanimity" is less complicated, and there are no insulting legal formalities connected with the working of the simple appliances which a primitive agricultural people have devised for their own purposes. Hear the Texan correspondent of one of the journals of this city on the subject. "It is [illegible]," he says:

> [illegible] papers [illegible] dissen- [illegible] population [illegible] the fear of insurrection [illegible] anywhere [illegible] [illegible] of Texas. [illegible]

There is an excellent method of preventing dissension described by a stroke of the pen, but as such an ingenious people are not likely to lose sight of the uses of a revolution in developing peculiar principles to their own advantage, repudiation of debts to the North has been proclaimed and acted on. One gentleman has found it convenient to inform Major Anderson that he does not intend to meet certain bills which he had given the Major for some slaves. Another declares he won't pay anybody at all, as he has discovered it is immoral, and contrary to the law of nations, to do so. A third feels himself bound to obey the commands of the Governor of his State, who has ordered that debts due to the North shall not be liquidated.

There is some little soreness felt here about the use of the word "repudiation," and it will do the hearts of some people good, and will carry comfort to the ghost of Rev. Sydney Smith, if it can hear the tidings, to know I have been assured, over and over again, by eminent mercantile people and statesmen, that there is "a general desire" on the part of the repudiating States to pay their bonds, and that no doubt, at some future period, not very clearly ascertainable or plainly indicated, that general desire will cause some active steps to be taken to satisfy its intensity, of a character very unexpected, and very gratifying to those interested.

May 25.

A visit to the camp at Tangipao, about fifty miles from New Orleans, gave an occasion for obtaining a clearer view of the internal military condition of those forces of which one reads so much and sees so little than any other way. . . . . But during our journey the hampers have not been neglected. The younger members of the party astonish the night owls with patriotic songs, chiefly French, and the French chiefly with the "Marseillaise," which, however inappropriate as the slogan of the Confederate States, they persist in quavering, forgetful perhaps that not three-quarters of a century ago Toussaint L'Ouverture caught the words and air from his masters, and awoke the lugubrious notes of insurrection.

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